

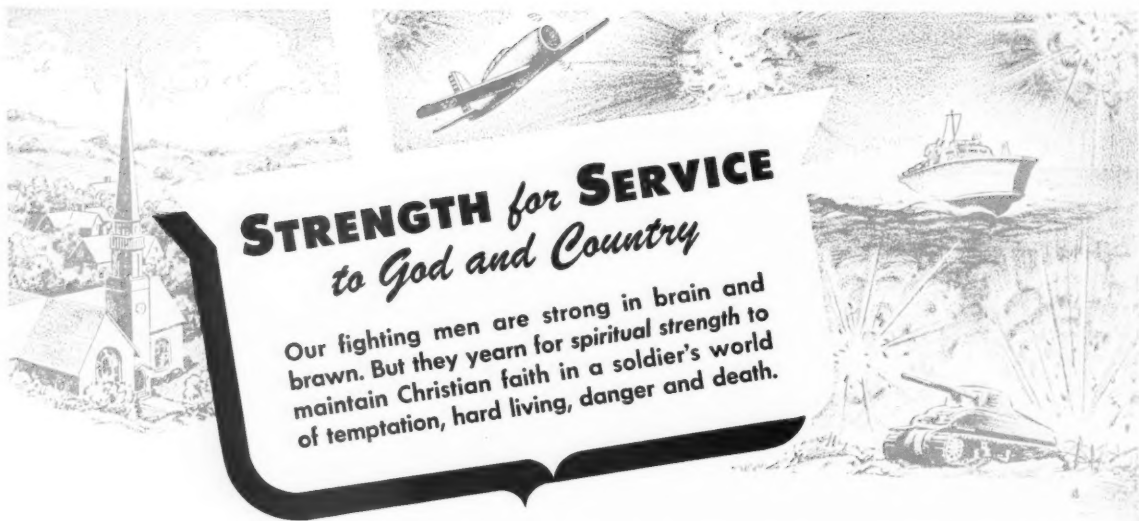
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Strength for Service to God and Country

is a gift book designed for that purpose. An overseas chaplain conceived it out of his own battle-born experiences. It is a book of planned daily reading for a whole year, bringing each day a special message from one of the 370 understanding ministers and laymen, representing most Protestant denominations and all sections of the United States. These messages were written this year especially for our men in this war. They are daily messages from the Christian church, the Christian home, family and friends. They talk the language of the sailor and soldier, giving daily the spiritual strength that every fighting man craves.

Among the Contributors

Ministers, educators and laymen of a dozen denominations helped make this book. Here are just a few of the 370 contributors: Harrison Ray Anderson, Roger Babson, A. W. Beaven, Bernard Idings Bell, C. Gordon Brownville, Raymond Calkins, Glenn Clark, Bernard C. Clausen, Harry Hitt Crane, William H. Danforth, Albert Edward Day, J. George Dorn, Francis Shunk Downs, Charles R. Erd-

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**The
Country Preacher
Says:**

THE Country Preacher has just returned from a trip out to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where he talked to over 1,000 teachers of Cambria County. He was never at this city before and it is certainly a very interesting place. The great Bethlehem Steel works is here, stretching, I think they said, for six miles along the river. This is the city, you will remember, where they had that terrible flood, a dam giving way above the town and this terrible mass of water coming down on them. You see there is a big 5-track railroad bridge, a stone-arch bridge, below the town and the debris from the up-river dam came down and banked up against these arches and made a perfect dam that set the water back 18 feet deep on Main Street.

It was interesting to note that of the five speakers secured for this teachers' institute, four were ministers. We all put up at the Fort Stanwix hotel and had a most pleasant time there. Rev. Larman Sherwood, the blind preacher and speaker, gave a delightfully helpful and humorous talk on being happy on whatever befell us; and for sermon I told two congregations yesterday what he said. As a boy he roller skated, rode a bicycle, went through schools and college and seminary and has a parish that was a congregation of nine when he took it and now runs over a hundred. He goes about speaking a great deal, has no Seeing-Eye dog.

The sessions were rather heavy and it poured outside every minute of the two days; so I risked trying to chipper up the affair a bit with a few stories—as you can guess. One of the best takers was to the effect we must never feel we cannot do much in this old world. You see a girl was going abroad and she decided to write a daily one-line diary. So thus she wrote: Day 1, I boarded the liner and sailed past the statue of Liberty. Day 2, I met the handsome young second mate on the deck. Day 3, The handsome young second mate on the deck asked me to kiss him, I refused. Day 4, The handsome young second mate on the deck said if I didn't kiss him, he would sink the ship. Day 5, I saved 1200 folk from drowning.

Do you have special days in your church? They help keep members interested and bring in new ones. What a good time we had Harvest Home Day, with the church all trimmed up so fine with fruits and corn stalks and autumn leaves! And after the service the dinner—old fashioned New England boiled dish with all sorts of vegetables dancing and careening around a perfect, lean, \$5-piece of corned beef, with eight pies and innumerable cakes and apples and grapes on the side. The big congregation gave enough above normal on the plate to pay all expenses.

George B. Gilbert.

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Christmas Money



Although I've been pinchin' the pennies,
An' hoardin' the nickels an' dimes,
For purchasin' presents at Christmas,
It seems that there's always been times,
When I've had to dig in my sabin's,
So now, with the day a week hence,
The count shows I'm only possessin'
A total of thirty-six cents.

Which means I'll be doin' no shoppin',
No rushin' about in the stores,
No elbowin' crowds bearin' bundles
Where traffic unceasin'ly roars,
An' yet I ain't mopin' an' weepin',
Because I find things as they are,
For money can never be buyin'
The beauty an' peace of Christ's star.

Three nickels, two dimes an' a penny!
But I see the folks down the street
To whom I gave coal, clothes an' bittles;
The shoes I put on a lad's feet;
The face of a crippled old beggar;
The light in a pale mother's eye's,
When I brought the medicine needed
To silence her sick baby's cries.

I don't even feel disappointed;
My heartbeats are laughin' at tears
An' dancin' to mystical music,
That falls from beyond the far spheres,
As God tells his worshipin' angels,—
How joyously sweet His words sound!
That I have been bringin' glad Christmas
To needy folks all the year 'round.

Edgar Daniel Kramer



Give Thanks by Sharing the Christmas Spirit



Christmas

the birthday of Christ! From out of the long ago when men bore gifts to a babe in a lowly manger has come the spirit of giving on this holy day. So strong has the spirit grown that many have forgotten its humble birth and forget to whom the gifts are to be given.

To you who wish to remember, we say: bringing Christmas to the poor, the sick and the unfortunate can be your way of bringing gifts to Christ.

Can you think of what it must mean to be forgotten and hungry on Christmas day—alone, far from home? Can you appreciate what it would mean to have a friendly hand held out to you in welcome, to be greeted by the voice of a friend, even though he be unknown; to be made welcome at a Christmas party given for just such lonely ones?

To bring Christmas to the Bowery is one way of "presenting your gifts unto Christ."

It is not an easy task to bring the spirit of Christmas to the Bowery, but the Bowery Mission does it every year. Its great Christmas tree sparkles and glows with the joy of the spirit it sets free; a big dinner brings joy to hungry men; the singing of Christmas carols soothes their weary souls, but it takes your Christmas gifts to the men of the Bowery to bring forth their

thanks and their blessings.

Could you stand with me by the Christmas tree as each man is greeted and given his gift, you would find yourself fighting to keep back the tears of sympathy for these men of tragedy. You would make a solemn promise to yourself never to forget to bring your gifts to Christ.

We have kept close watch and constant touch with many men. We wish we could invite them all to our Christmas party! But the number we invite will have to depend on the dollars you send us for the wish can only be gratified by your willingness to give—to present your gifts to Christ.

Add the Bowery Mission to your Christmas list—make up a Christmas package for a man on the Bowery—he needs a sweater, underwear, cap, handkerchiefs and shoes. Send your package direct to the Bowery Mission, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Send it early so no man will feel forgotten on Christ's Birthday.



SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS EARLY

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NAME

Gentlemen:—Enclosed is our share in making Christmas a happier day at the Mission. We are sending a Christmas package under separate cover.

ADDRESS.....

DECEMBER, 1942

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN—ADORATION OF THE MAGI

By Geerten Van Sint Jans, 14th Century Dutch artist. Picture now in a museum in Amsterdam.

THE COUNTRY PREACHER SAYS

By George B. Gilbert PAGE 1

FRONTISPIECE—CHRISTMAS

By Edgar Daniel Kramer PAGE 2

DR. POLING ANSWERS

NEWS DIGEST PAGE 4

By Gabriel Courier PAGE 7

EDITORIAL PAGE PAGE 13

IS GOOD WILL A CASUALTY?

By Joseph Fort Newton PAGE 14

THE HOUR OF STARS

By Hermann Hagedorn PAGE 16

THE ADVENTURES OF PEACE

By Charles M. Sheldon PAGE 18

THE PEANUT—AND MR. CREATOR

By Patricia White and Wade Moss PAGE 19

BROTHER AIRMEN—A STORY

By Kenneth and Dirck Brown PAGE 22

IT FITS

By William T. Ellis PAGE 24

CHRISTMAS POETRY

CHRISTMAS PRESENT PAGE 26

TO UNCLE SAM

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher PAGE 28

BETHLEHEM AND BEYOND—A

SERMON PAGE 30

GIVE IT TO JIMMIE

By William L. Stidger PAGE 32

WANTED—A FEW GOOD PARENTS

By Anna French Johnson PAGE 34

MOVIE REVIEW—MRS. WIGGS

OF THE CABBAGE PATCH PAGE 36

GOD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

By Norman Vincent Peale PAGE 37

MAX—MY MOST UNUSUAL LAYMAN

By J. W. G. Ward PAGE 38

DAILY MEDITATIONS

FOR THE QUIET HOUR PAGE 39

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

By Clementine Paddleford PAGE 44

FROM A GARDEN NOTEBOOK

By Donald H. Kingery PAGE 52

NEW BOOKS TO READ

By Daniel A. Poling PAGE 60

FORWARD MARCH

WITH THE CHURCH PAGE 64

WE OPEN OUR MAIL

AFTER ALL PAGE 70

OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for mem-

bers of all denominations has this as its perma-

nent platform: To conserve, interpret, and ex-

tend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian

Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be

world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it

may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that

through education it may become universal and

that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry

forward a practical ministry to those who are in

need. To champion those forces . . . wherever

they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort

to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Is what some people profess to regard as an increasing war-time interest in religion fundamentally sound or just superstition? You have heard the old saying "when the devil is sick the devil a monk will be." What do you think?

Answer:

I think that the present opportunity is the greatest opportunity Christianity and the church have faced in a long generation—or since the other war. Whatever the motive prompting a man's return to religion, if he returns, even in his thoughts of the moment, religion has its chance and Jesus Christ His opportunity. Let's take advantage of the opportunity and build on the chance, however slight. Of course, there is superstition in such a time as this. Many men who in the last world war carried their testaments over their hearts before the Armistice discarded them, forgot all about them, when the war ended. But even these men were a great, golden opportunity—an opportunity that too often was missed.

Question:

I think India is an illustration of the tragic failure of Britain's colonial policy. Had dominion status been given long ago, the Honorable Mr. Cripps would not have had to face a stone wall. Is this not so?

Answer:

Only partially so. The recent conferences in India revealed the fact that the granting of dominion status was not entirely a problem of satisfying the British cabinets and Tory England. Age-old differences and divisions of race, faith and caste have always defeated Indian unity. Even now, with the enemy at the gates, the Mohammedan and the Hindu cannot agree upon any political plan and within the Hindu faith the warrior caste, always loyal to Britain, now charges Britain with treachery in the current problem. Always the ruling Rajahs and Maharajahs have opposed

dominion status. Gandhi, the distinguished non-resister, is now confronted by disaffection among his own followers who fear the Japanese. Certainly it is not time for Americans to be negative in their criticisms.

An editorial writer in the *Bulletin* comments upon Britain's patience and says that it has few parallels in world history. He remarks that India crying for freedom turns out to be a continent of many races and of more castes, speaking two hundred languages and broken into hostile groups. Two hundred forty million Hindus and seventy-seven million Mohammedans are the great majority divisions. Those of us who know little or less about the problem now face it realistically. Many of our most distinguished religious leaders have unwittingly given us an altogether erroneous picture of that vast human scene. Now, whatever the past may have been, India's tragic problem is ours as well as Britain's. We do well to pray for divine wisdom and to seek Christ's spirit, that for the world's sake, for our own sake, as well as India's, there may be found a solution for the problem.

Question:

Could a person approve of Hitler and all that he stands for and still be a Christian?

Answer:

I could not—I could not be even an intelligent, normal, responsible human being and so approve.

Question:

Do you believe that Kagawa is sincere in his prayer for peace? And why would the military government of Japan allow this news to be broadcast at this particular time?

Answer:

I believe that Kagawa is absolutely sincere. He has never failed to pray for peace. He risked his life after the first Shanghai incident and went to China to ask the forgiveness of the Chinese for

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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DECEMBER 1942

the sin of military Japan against a friendly people. But the release of the news by the Japanese censor is another matter altogether. Certainly Japan wants peace—now. Above all, she would have peace now with the Orient and the Dutch East Indies and the islands of the Southern Pacific, Thailand, Indo-China, and Burma under her heel. Let America and the united democracies beware. Japan's prayer is not Kagawa's prayer. We will have none of it. They cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, we must finish the work we are in." The evil might of dictators must be broken and the peace of Christ, must be won.

Question:

What do you think about former President Hoover's statement that the President must be given dictatorial powers in our national emergency, but at the same time that free speech must not be abridged? Is this possible?

Answer:

I think that it is possible; it *should* be possible. The two are not incompatible. Mr. Hoover's speech must be taken in its entirety before it can be fairly judged, and taken thus it is, I think, sound statesmanship and convincing logic. You may or may not like the President as an individual but he is the President, the Chief Executive of the nation and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. In the present crisis, he must have not only the name but the power. To this there is no other alternative but a complete debacle.

Question:

I have been disturbed by the claim of a certain group that in breaking the Fourth Commandment and not keeping the original Sabbath as our day of worship, Protestants forfeit salvation because they violate God's law that blessed by Him. What about this?

Answer:

No man forfeits salvation for any such reason as the one indicated. Here is blind literalism, the darkness of which is dispelled by Paul's discriminating word in Second Corinthians 3:6; "Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

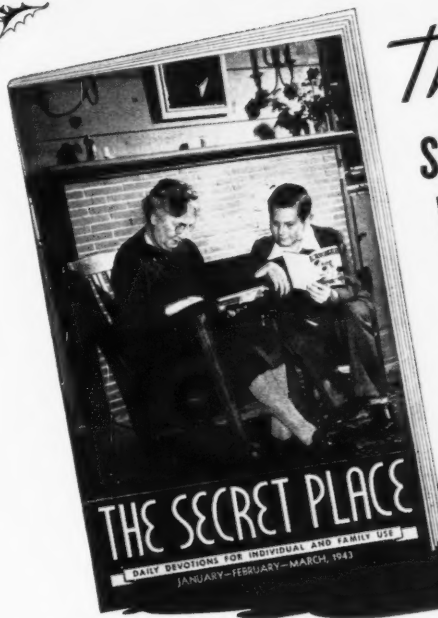
What about the international date line? There is a full day difference there so that when some people are celebrating the "Sabbath" others of the same faith are plowing in their fields.

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DECEMBER 1942



This Year...

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HOLIDAY REMEMBRANCES, this year especially, should go deeper than meaningless inanities of speech. With the whole world in turmoil, and almost every home touched by the dread finger of war, *The Secret Place* makes an ideal greeting at only five cents a copy (in quantities), with power to inspire and guide. Why not make up your list and order sufficient copies today?

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Christians, awake! There are forces of evil at work in the world today which would undermine every Christian precept. The danger is not alone in foreign lands. It is right here in our own country. America's beloved religious heritage is threatened! Recent years have seen a falling off in church attendance, a growing indifference to the spiritual. This is no time for lukewarm religion. It is a day for action! Let us act before it is too late! The defense of Christianity must come from the churches. You and your church, with the help of your official publishing house, have a responsibility to your community. Teach His way . . . win souls for Christ! With well-directed teaching your efforts can become the spearhead of a great religious awakening. Church and publishing house have a oneness of purpose. Do not allow it to be weakened by divided support!

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Don't Be Afraid to Change Your Job

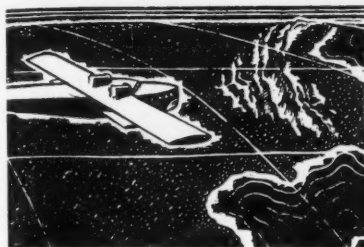
By Charles Hanson Towne

EVERY one of us needs an upset now and then. There is nothing more dangerous than to fall into a rut, to become smug and self-satisfied, to go along easily, fearing an upheaval of any kind.

Things are going along nicely for you, let us say. You are pleasantly employed by an old established firm, receiving few raises in salary, it is true, but with a certain confidence in your future. You have no desire to make a change; and so, when an offer comes to make a connection with a new and lively firm, you hesitate, even though better pay is offered. Why take a chance? you say to yourself. You are comfortable, you are satisfied with conditions as they are. Would it be wise to run risks? If you talk the matter over with your wife, she too may be timid about your taking so drastic a step. She has confidence in the older firm, as you have, and it might be foolish, she says, for you to alter the placid routine of your days.

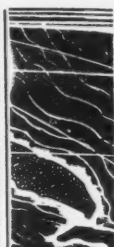
Routine! That is exactly the trouble. There is nothing exhilarating in just marking time, keeping in step, following the same beaten path. Youth takes chances; middle age fears them; old age is definitely frightened—so much so that it will not move from the old groove. But consider the direction in which you are drifting. What hope is there of your achieving that position higher up with the established firm, with old Mr. Fenton in the best of health, and you waiting patiently to step into his shoes? Very little. And look at Fenton. He has become a drudge, a painful example of everything you do not wish to become. He simply goes through the motions of his job. He does as he is told, as you would do as you were told when you finally reached his higher level. His undeviating schedule, his dull sense of duty, his contentment in the mould in which he has been trained—do you want that kind of placid old age? Or are you willing to take a sporting chance, and better yourself, have an opportunity to show your initiative? What are you so afraid of, if you have good red blood in your veins and the ability to prove your worth in a growing concern? You have heard only the best things about that fresh young company formed by energetic college men with enough capital to make a go of what they have started out to establish. They have push and a driving force that your present firm lacks. They are taking chances, it is true; so why not trot along with them? If they are not cowards, why should you be fearful of the years that lie ahead? If you wait too long, you will lose the enterprise you now have. You will become stolid and unadaptable, just an unidentifiable cog in the big wheel that whirls around day after day. Another old Fenton.

Old people become rigid, and then static. Ambition dies after a while. Catching the 8:17 suburban train every morning and taking the 5:29 every afternoon becomes a dangerously happy habit. The zest is gone. The will to forge ahead no longer within you. How much more sensible and thrilling to get to a new desk, with new tasks to accomplish, fresh faces and methods to see. To be aroused, to join the doers, instead of lagging behind.



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

MONEY: The President of the United States has just signed the biggest tax bill in American history. He asked Congress to provide nine billion dollars in additional levies on John Q. Public; Congress obeyed, upping the government revenue for 1943 to a total of twenty-five billions. And that is one-fourth of the national income.

So far as your *individual* income taxes are concerned, here are the points for you to worry about:—surtaxes of last year, ranging from 6 to 77 per cent, rise next year to 13 to 82 per cent, depending upon how much you make; present exemptions of \$1500 for married persons, \$750 for single persons and \$400 for dependents are reduced to \$1200, \$500, and \$350; you get a new reduction for medical expenses over five per cent of net income but not exceeding \$2500; but you also get a new Victory tax of 5 per cent on all incomes over \$624 per year, subject to a 25 per cent credit for single persons, 40 per cent for married, which you can take either in the form of war bond purchases, debt or insurance payments now, or in non-interest-bearing bonds to be cashed after the war.

This new bill means that a married American earning up to \$2,000 and without any dependents will pay about seven times what he paid last year. If you are married and earn between \$2,000 and \$5,000, you will be paying about two and a half times present rates.

Well—read it and weep. That's your little lesson in arithmetic for today, given gratis by Professor Courier, who winces when he reads his own writing.

MANPOWER: Judging from our mail, we seem to have created a little chaos by our words in re manpower in the November *Herald*. We're sorry. Perhaps this will straighten it out:

Definite word now is that the Army will have 7,500,000 men in 1943; the Navy will have 1,500,000 men. Behind these will be an army of labor turning out the material of war, 62,500,000 strong. Present labor force is about

55,000,000, of whom 4,000,000 will shortly go into the armed services.

This migration from the factory and the farm to the front lines is getting to be pretty serious. We predicted in Courier's Cues last month that the hiring of women in American industry would double in 1943; now we read that there is *already* a fifty per cent increase in the number of women workers. This is impressive, but even yet it is not enough to keep the wheels running smoothly. We think the farmer may be feeling the drain of manpower most of all. High school boys may help him out in an emergency, but a farm has to be man-handled fifty-two weeks out of every fifty-two in the year.

How it is all going to be settled is up to Mr. Paul McNutt. We don't envy him his job!

AGES: The boy across the street from us joined the air corps. He wanted to pilot a fighter. He's 24. The air corps said, "Sorry, old man. You're too old for that!" Following which your editor was more convinced than ever that this was a young man's war. Your editor was wrong—at least for awhile.

Over 100,000 "men" fought in the Civil War who were aged 11 to 15; at the end of that War, the average soldier age was 19½. In the Spanish-American fracas, average age was 22. In World War I it was 24.89.

Now mark this: in March of 1942, average soldier age was 26 years 2 months; in June it was 27 years 5 months; in August it was 28 years 2 months. That's too old, in anybody's Army or Navy. Men that age do not make the fighters that we find in the 18-20 age group. Twenty per cent of the men already inducted into the armed services, says Brigadier General Miller White, are fit only for limited service, and *not* for combat service.

So—if you are dismayed over the prospect of that 18 to 20 draft, just remember that boys and not full-grown men have always made the best soldiers. Ma-

ture men bear scars; they have been kicked around a bit; they take fewer chances. Youth is impulsive; it rushes in where age fears to tread. Youth will win the war.

AMERICAN? At midnight, the jailer of the county jail at Quitman, Miss., heard a knock on his door; he answered it, had a blanket thrown over his head, lost his keys. The mob left him locked in a cell. At dawn, he saw two of his prisoners hanging dead from a trestle over the nearby Chickasawhay River.

Less than a week later, at Laurel, Miss., another mob took another prisoner out and lynched him. So in seven days Mississippi had three lynchings—only one less than were lynched in the whole United States last year.

We suppose that circumstances alter cases; we suppose that men sometimes become so enraged over some hideous crime that they forget that they are men. But in this Mississippi business, two of the mob's victims were *14-year-old boys!* It isn't a pretty picture. The spectacle of full-grown (?) men lynching adolescent youngsters in the land of the free and the home of the brave isn't even decent.

If this is the America and the democracy we're fighting for—God help us!

SPEECH: That speech of Mr. Willkie's is ancient history now, and we wish it weren't. We haven't space to repeat the speech, nor would we if we could; but we want to repeat one paragraph that he spoke more than once, in the first days after his "round-the-world." It is this: "No foot of Chinese soil . . . should be ruled from now on except by the people who live on it . . . There is in China a great reservoir of admiration for the U. S., but the reservoir is leaking fast. . ."

Amen! Mr. Willkie said something that time. If we can take it to heart and get it done, around the peace table, the war may not have been in vain after all. Whether we have the gumption to



Japanese evacuees at Manzanar, Cal., know no barbed wire, no storm troopers, no despair. Here they construct their own buildings, plan their own farms for tomorrow

do that or not, we can all well remember this: *imperialism has had its little day, and that day is gone.* It may cost us something, but unless we learn that little lesson and learn it quick, we can start training our babies now for the World War III that will come along twenty years hence.

SCRAP: If your town is American it has a scrap pile. Never before have we asked the people of town and city to dump their junk in public places; now even the churches are proud to have piles of the stuff on their front lawns.

Every now and then we hear some Johnny Grumbles kicking about the way this scrap is being handled; you'd almost think the men who run the government are selling it for their own personal profit. If you are one of these, please remember that very, very few of our junk dealers were prepared or equipped to handle the huge increase in their business; and that there is a shortage of manpower in their business as well as in every other business.

Remember also that there are fifteen classifications of scrap iron alone, some of which can be used only in a steel mill, and some of which can be used only by a foundry. Non-ferrous metals (copper, brass, nickel) are divided into *seventy-three* different classifications, each with rigid specifications and price-ceilings.

If you think this is an easy business to handle—try it!

DRYS: The drys have lost again in Congress. By a vote of 49 to 25, the Josh Lee rider on the draft bill, which would have outlawed booze around the military

camps, was referred to the Military Affairs Committee for study and recommendation. It is a safe bet that the Committee will neither study nor recommend. The rider is as dead as the dodo.

Startling thing here is not that the rider was beaten; startling thing is that the vote to refer was as close as it was. Forty-nine to twenty-five. That isn't a walk-away. Wiseacres around the Capitol see no good in it; they predict that dry strength in Congress will not diminish, but grow. It is certainly growing among the folks back home. Mr. Gallup reports that if a national vote on liquor were to come right now, 38 per cent of the population would vote dry, 62 per cent would vote wet; he says this shows a dry gain of five per cent since a similar survey in 1936. He also reports dry sentiment gaining in Canada, but slowly.

The dry issue, however, isn't a casualty in the same grave with the rider. It will be brought up again. One Washington correspondent reports a dry lobby with a ten million dollar treasury behind it, fighting beverage alcohol; we doubt that, but there certainly is a dry lobby. We also have a newly formed National Association Against The Return of Prohibition, led by former Representative John J. O'Connor and financed by—whom?

Yes, the issue will come up again. Like Banquo's ghost. It will keep on coming up, we fear, so long as there is liquor, and people who hate liquor.

COURT: Hard-boiled James Cesar Petrillo, who is currently telling America what it can and cannot sing and play, won another victory this month. Without the aid of his strong-arm squad, he

won a decision in Chicago when the judge threw the government's case out of court. The government charged Petrillo with violation of the Sherman anti-trust law when he forbade his 138,000 union members to play for recordings, except those "for home use only."

Said Attorney-General Biddle, when he heard of the decision, "That was an interesting question of law." Said Cesar Petrillo: "This shows what can happen in a free country." It is interesting to learn that Cesar is interested in freedom. Does that extend to the air waves, Mr. Petrillo, or not?

And may we ask one other question? Do you have freedom when you transfer this dictatorial authority from a Jay Gould to a Petrillo?

CAPABLE: By all odds, the most capable man to pop up in Washington in the last ten years is James F. Byrnes, the Supreme Court Justice who left the bench to become Director of Economic Stabilization.

It is more than interesting that Byrnes early earned the opposition of Mr. Roosevelt. That ordinarily seals any man's doom in today's Washington—but here is no ordinary man. Byrnes opposed the President on many of the New Deal's domestic policies; he talked so much about curtailing Federal spending that his name became anathema at the White House; he voted against the President's veto of the soldier bonus; he fought for Cotton Ed Smith in the Presidential purge of 1938, and lost.

Still, the President liked him well enough to transfer him from the bench to his new job. Why? Well, for one thing, Byrnes seems incapable of making an enemy; everybody likes him. For another, he has what it takes. He is decidedly *not* brilliant; he is a plunger. He has more common sense than any other ten men around Capitol Hill; perhaps the President knows that. And he has come up the hard way. His father died when he was a youngster and his mother, poverty-stricken, turned to dress-making and leading the church choir to support her brood. Jimmy left school at 14 to help, and he has gone steadily up, against the tide, ever since.

Who couldn't be for a man who has made good against such odds as these? And who couldn't be for the man who has taken over what may be the top job in the administration with a complete disregard for fanfare? Byrnes made no radio speech, posed for no news reel; he simply picked the men to help him, took off his coat and went to work. And that's something new on Capitol Hill, too!

JAPANESE: The moving inland of 110,599 Japanese—men, women, children, babies—from Assembly Centers to permanent Relocation Camps, is a piece of work that deserves a governmental "E", or a Congressional medal

for every soldier involved. The Army did this job; it was one of the toughest assignments of the war, and now that it is finished, it looks like one of the smoothest and most charitable moves of the whole war effort.

These Japanese were moved first to Assembly Centers; in a space of four weeks, Army engineers erected shelters in those Assembly Centers for 100,000 persons; then they were moved by train to their permanent camps. Nurses and doctors rode those trains; the sick, the infants and the women had every possible attention, and it is a tribute to the Army that *not one single awkward incident occurred*. All possible precautions were taken to safeguard property and property rights, to guard the health of the evacuees and to keep families and—wherever possible—communities together.

The whole conduct of the job earns for the Army a new right to the accolade, "Onward, Christian soldiers!"

COURIER'S CUES: Dewey is No. 1 prospect for Republican Presidential nominee in '44; Bricker can win if he gets Senator Taft's support; Stassen will run a strong third; we think some dark horse will beat all three. . . You will be discussing (heatedly) a new coupon spending-tax plan within the next few months. We may give you details on this later, as it develops. . . One of the most popular movies in 1943 will be the story of a destroyer. It's British, written by Noel Coward. . . Germany will not crack up internally as early as wishful-thinking Americans hope; she's good for a year yet, unless an unexpectedly strong Russian offensive catches them off guard this winter. . . Italy is very weak indeed; we look for her to crack by Spring.

ABROAD

SOLOMONS: As we go to press, the American forces in the Solomons seem in a pretty bad spot; so bad, that we hesitate to predict the outcome from where we sit. It does not seem possible that they can hold, but then the Marines have held before. . .

There will be a lot of wild accusation before this Solomons business is finished. Why send so few men out to so desperate a battle? Where's the Navy? Why weren't reinforcements sent, in time, before the showdown began? And so on, ad infinitum. It's easy to ask questions—from an armchair.

There will be answers and explanations, one of which will surely be that the United States Navy is trying to fight a two-ocean war with a one-ocean Navy. (There is more than a little truth in that.) Another will be that there is a six-thousand-mile supply line to maintain and guard; the Japanese were a lot closer to their bases, and able to bring their

whole Pacific fleet into action at once. One question the strategists will have to think hard about is the one concerning the divided command.

On the credit side, we might all remind ourselves that this may quite possibly have been a purely delaying action. While these Americans were holding in the Solomons, Siberia was not invaded, and great forces of Japanese warships and army motorized equipment were diverted from other fronts. This may be the cheapest second front the Allies could have established.

Also how many of us have thought of another question: can we win in the Pacific by being merely defensive in the Solomons, or must there come an offensive soon that will smash the Japanese bases that surround these terrible islands? NOTE: Since these paragraphs were written, the startling events which have taken place have changed the war picture considerably. They will be discussed next month.

TALKER: Jan Christiaan Smuts of South Africa is a man after our own heart; we like him. We like him because he seems to have something worth listening to every time he opens his mouth—a rare virtue, in these troubled times. To Mr. Lloyd-George he said, prophetically, as the Versailles Treaty was signed:

"This treaty breathes a poisonous spirit of revenge which may yet scorch the fair face, not of a corner of Europe, but of Europe." Of his little narrow merely nationalistic enemies in South Africa he has said, "The dogs bark, but the caravan moves on." And speaking in Commons last week, he minced no words when he reminded England that the time had come for offense in the war.

If there had been more such plain speaking immediately before Versailles there would be no bloodshed now. And if we have the sense to listen to Smuts now, we shall save ourselves more bloodshed some years hence. Says Smuts to Winston Churchill: "With the coming of the offensive stage in our war effort, our thoughts should also begin to turn to the end, and to the conditions which may follow the end, of this greatest tragedy of our race."

The sooner we all begin to think hard about that, the more likely we are to get a Christian peace.

PEACE: Speaking of the Peace, there are things happening and things being said in England which lead us to believe that the British Tory will *not* be allowed to make the Peace all by himself. Some of the most hopeful things yet said in the democracies are being said in London.

There is, for instance, that great British poet Alfred Noyes, writing in "The Edge of the Abyss": "No statement of peace can be more than a straw in the wind, or an election promise, unless it implies a radical change of heart and mind, something far deeper than a glib

lip service to the relativities of current ethics. If it is to endure it must come from the shaken depths of the soul, with a new conviction of the eternal truth, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

There is the Bishop of Chichester saying that "There is an increasing danger of the collapse of European civilization . . ." and calling upon Britain to supply the antidote to all that by feeding the continent *now*. He has something here; it will be either Communism or Christianity for the continent after the war; now is the time for bishops and laymen to decide which it is to be.

Last but not least there is the new Archbishop of Canterbury speaking on "Britain and Germany After The War," and saying: "The first requirement after such a convulsion is the expression of justice. . . There ought of course to be the punishment of *individuals* responsible in any way for proved atrocities. . . And there should be an expression of justice *as between nations*. . ." The Archbishop has also mentioned the elimination of the profit-motive as one new foundation-stone that must go down under the new economic order that is to come out of the chaos. Brave words, these.

Something tells us that mankind in the mass will *not* allow itself to be fooled at the peace table this time, as it was at Versailles.

MALTA: Little Malta, that lovely speck in the Mediterranean, has been hit by 14,000 tons of bombs in 3,000 raids—and life still goes on!

Malta is seventeen and a half miles long and eight and a half miles wide, and it lies just sixty miles from the Axis airdromes of Sicily, and 140 miles from the mainland of Italy. This means that the little island is easy, constant prey for the Axis bombers who have unloaded their cargoes of death at the rate of 154 tons of bombs per square mile!

And yet, with all that ceaseless pounding, Malta not only holds out; she sends out aerial raiders from her airports to attack passing Axis convoys, and she sends forth submarines in the deep to plague Rommel's supply lines. Yet, in spite of 154 tons of bombs to the square mile, Maltese morale is still high and nobody in Valetta ever talks of quitting.

Out of which one conclusion is inescapable: *air power alone is not decisive*.

PRISONERS: Back in the dark ages, the conquerors killed their captives. Now the Nazis propose a slight modification of that barbarism: they announce to the British that they would put their British captives in irons. The British fought back with the threat that they would put all Nazi prisoners in handcuffs. The British did that, at Camp Bowmanville in Canada, and the German prisoners put up a fight. Handcuffs were finally all on, after



casualties which included a fractured skull, one man badly bayoneted and another seriously wounded from gunfire. Just what happened when the British captives in Germany were shackled is still unknown.

Japan comes to the fore with the threat that she will "punish severely" any American airman brought down over Japanese territory. It's just the next chapter. . . .

Why? Why, in the twentieth century, must otherwise brave men revert to the dark ages? There are two or three good reasons for it. In Japan's case, the Nipponese are probably trying to protect their match-box, highly-vulnerable cities with this threat. The Nazis probably want to get the German mind off the fearful loss of German manpower in Russia, and to pave the way for the use of British prisoners for forced labor in the Reich.

Back of it all is the specter of fear and desperation. When a man sees the end of his rope coming, he is liable to do anything. The most ferocious are always the most afraid.

ITALIA: The lowest national morale in Europe is not to be found in any

occupied country; look for it in Italy! In Rome now they are telling about an optimist who met a pessimist on the street. Said the optimist, "We are losing the war." Retorted the pessimist, "Yes, but how soon?"

The entry of the United States into the war probably did more to discourage Italy than any other single factor. Mussolini can bluster and storm and rage against America all he pleases, but too many Italians have had their brothers or cousins or grandchildren migrate to this land of freedom and opportunity for him to get away with it. You can fool part of the people. . .

CHURCH NEWS

UNION: We're in a bit of a dither over certain church-union developments this month; we find ourselves caught between voices that cry "Lo, here" and "lo, there!" It seems like confusion confounded for the Church of God, when there should be a firm, intelligent unity of spirit.

Maybe we're wrong, but nine out of

every ten of the signs on the ecclesiastical horizon point toward a unity of the churches tomorrow—either that, or death for the denominations one by one, as the nations of Europe have gone down one by one before the pagan onslaught. Our spirit soared when we read in a New York paper (*Times*) this month that three of the most important Protestant church parishes in America were considering a merger: they are Calvary Baptist, Munn Avenue Presbyterian and Grove Street Congregational Churches of East Orange, N. J. East Orange is a typical American community, with typical churches—well fixed financially, top-crust socially, conservatively American politically.

Then, next morning, we read in the same *Times* the words of Dr. W. O. Lewis, General Secretary of the World Baptist Alliance, who cautioned his denomination "not to be swept away by the rising trend toward unity in Protestantism into a position where the things they value most will be lost." We read of Dr. D. E. Rebok, president of Southern Junior College, who declares that "... many great Christian leaders of the church are . . . turning their faces in the direction of a great federation of the churches. A great need here is a return to the simple way of the gospel." We read a letter from the Pope, who asked that "... all men of goodwill should be united in will . . .", and we read of the tour of three prominent clergymen, representing the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths, holding "Town Hall" discussions in the army camps of the Southwest in the interests of understanding and unity.

If this isn't ecclesiastical hash, then we don't know hash. It seems to us that the time has come for us to forget that we are Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc. and to remember that we are Christians.

BEAUTY: We've just been looking at the proofs of a new book that made us forget the war, and the evil in the world, and every ugly and unattractive thing. It is a book of hymns and hymn-stories; it is "A Treasury of Best-Loved Hymns," written by Dr. Daniel A. Poling and illustrated by James M. Daugherty. . .

There are thirty-three hymns. Their stories (how they came to be written, etc., etc.) are told in that language of combined beauty and dignity and animation that only Dan Poling can command. The illustrations will take your breath; the narrative will lift you high. Each of the thirty-three hymns is printed in full, with music. If you fail to sing and play them over and over, there is something wrong with your soul.

This is the first book we have noticed at such length in this column; it is worth twice the space we give it.

FRONT: Nine hundred and eleven Protestant clergymen have just signed a

petition calling for the opening of a new "Western Front" through the "Fascist spokes" of Spain and Vichy France. The petition was sponsored by Kenneth Leslie, editor of "The Protestant."

Almost immediately, other prominent churchmen broke into print, disagreeing with the nine hundred and eleven, holding that all this was quite beyond the province of both church and churchmen.

Editorially, we're for that second front, in Spain or anywhere else, *when the Allies are ready for it*. Editorially, we believe it is a lot easier for preachers in America to call for that Second Front than it is for the strategists to establish it.

TEMPERANCE

WORK: The Lord's Day Alliance tells us that the closing of saloons on Sunday really means something in the work we're getting done—or not getting done—in the War effort. The Magna Copper Mines has found nearly a fifty per cent reduction in the number of Monday absentees since the local bars were forced to close on the Sabbath. Other nearby mining towns report a *fifty to one hundred per cent* reduction of Monday absenteeism.

A saloon is patriotic, to us, *only* when it's closed. We cheer with the Lord's Day Alliance over the Sunday closing—and wonder why it has to be limited to Sunday!

NICOTINE: Temperance, in this column, means temperance—in a lot of things besides liquor. In tobacco, for instance. We think the intemperance in smoking now running wild in this country is something for all of us to think about.

The University of Southern California has been conducting some experiments to find out how nicotine affects rats. Nicotine poisoning was found to derange the sexual cycles of females, to reduce the birth rate as much as 30 per cent, and to increase infant mortality as much as 42 per cent in the first generation, 13 per cent in the second.

It looks to us like a pretty good use for rats, but who has ever found a really good use for nicotine?

KENTUCKY: The dry forces down in Kentucky seem to be running wild. Prohibitionists have lately won three more victories at the polls which brings the total of dry wins to 70. Only one county has voted to remain wet, and this was "Bloody Breathitt" County, where the booze men won by 1665 to 1332. It was close, even here.

State Director of the United Christians for Temperance says: "It's beginning to look like state-wide prohibition is just around the corner."

the Strongest Man in the World

THAT will be you, Johnny, just a few years from now!

Even today, Johnny, your dad, and millions like him, are doing jobs that call for the strength of a thousand strong men. But jobs which are easy with the powerful machines of American industry.

The power of these machines has made possible the comforts, even many of the necessities, which you enjoy. It's being used, all-out, to help win the war.

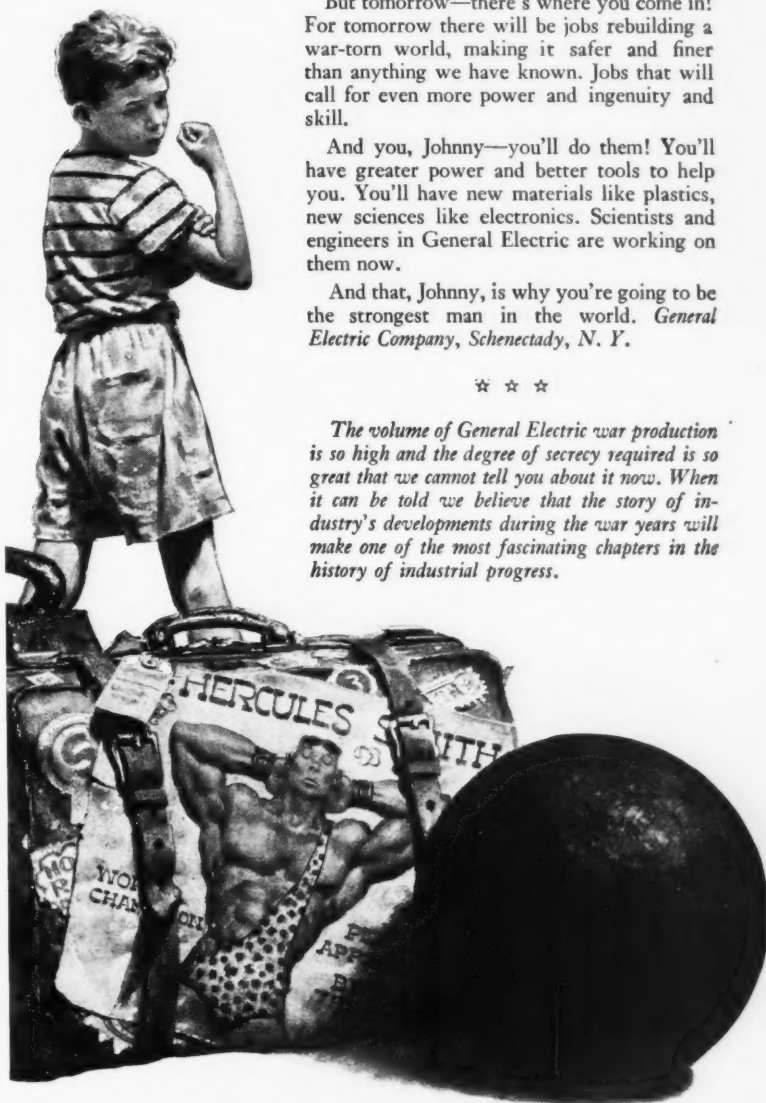
But tomorrow—there's where you come in! For tomorrow there will be jobs rebuilding a war-torn world, making it safer and finer than anything we have known. Jobs that will call for even more power and ingenuity and skill.

And you, Johnny—you'll do them! You'll have greater power and better tools to help you. You'll have new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics. Scientists and engineers in General Electric are working on them now.

And that, Johnny, is why you're going to be the strongest man in the world. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.



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What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!

—WHITTIER

DECEMBER 1942

MEN OF GOOD WILL

THE song of the Bethlehem angels is for men of "Good Will" and its promise of peace is to them alone. There was nothing soft or indefinite about that first Christmas. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will" was hymned over a world of hate and fear to celebrate the birth of One who being called Prince of Peace was to die a tortured death upon a sacrificial cross. In a world of total war it is good to remember that Jesus died that man might have total freedom.

If there are times when an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, there are other moments when a single demonstration of the truth is of greater value than many dissertations upon the principle.

I visited the Japanese assembly centers in late August and early September of this year. Previously I had read editorials and letters, pamphlets and resolutions, written by distinguished social and religious leaders. Many of these denounced the centers, calling them concentration camps and declaring them unchristian, un-American and unnecessary. These men and women called attention to the fact that the Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands were not evacuated, but they overlook the other fact that the Islands are in themselves controlled centers. My own intimate studies which included conversations at length with Japanese and with Caucasians, among these latter army and civilian officers, led me to this conclusion: Granted the need of an intelligent, all-out national defense, the removal of the Japanese from Pacific Coast defense areas was on two counts necessary and imperative. The two counts were: first, defense of America; and second, protection of the Japanese. Let it be written here that after Pearl Harbor the treatment of the Japanese in too many Pacific Coast communities and in not a few other places was a cause for sober pause and honest shame on the part of all Americans who believe in "Liberty and Justice for All." Realistically the promptness of civil authorities at the first and later the efficiency of the Army saved the Japanese from greater inconvenience and injury and the nation from greater shame.

A distinguished native-born Japanese whose children, born and educated in California, were, as he expressed it, "allergic" to the Japanese language and customs, said to me, "I can not imagine any



member of my large family, any distant cousin even, seeking to hurt this country. But," he continued, "I do not know. I do not know what would happen were there to be an invasion or even a token raid. I do know the Japanese family tie and race tradition and I believe that evacuation with all its losses to us was, for the defense of the country and for our own safety, the only sound course." That man is an official in a Christian church. He had been seriously injured in all his affairs and for his entirely Americanized family the solution was tragic. But he also knew that for every human being touched now or eventually by the war, there is something of tragedy. He knew too that once more the many must suffer for the possible few. Surely the Bethlehem song was sung for him!

For the Japanese there have been some direct compensations. I found that approximately one-third of the assembly residents were living under immeasurably better economic and social conditions than they had previously known. Have you seen the fishing shacks of the Pacific Coast and the peon huts of the interior valleys? Another one-third were not worse off, while perhaps as many as a final third were definitely worse off. How would you like to be a college professor, or a scientist, or a doctor, or a merchant, or a clergyman, or a gentle housewife, or an eager, loyal native-born high school or college student, torn from your home and friends, moved into barrack-like rooms, robbed of the privacy you have always known, and held behind high fences patrolled day and night by armed guards? But how do millions of other Americans like their restraints and tragic changes? There may be no comparison in the particulars—indeed there are profound differences—but in this life and death struggle to save freedom and democracy, each, as of his own circumstances, must pay the price of defense and victory. Also the unavoidable uniformity of treatment during the evacuation may now give way to the more normal life of the developing and more permanent relocation centers.

To call these centers concentration camps was an untruth and an inexcusable deception. In them life was surprisingly normal, with the residents administering practically all their affairs—social, physical, educational and religious. Indeed they knew less actual restraint than their fellow citizens in many defense areas. There were hospitals and clinics where thousands of people who had never before known medical attention received the most complete scientific services. There were milk stations for babies and small children, special feeding kitchen for diabetics and for others with internal ulcers and for all the food was the best available. I know, for I ate it! The largest camouflage factory in America was

(Continued on page 50)



Is GOODWILL *a Casualty* ?

Every decent human characteristic we know stands today with its back to the wall. Will any of them survive? Is Good Will finished under Hitler's heel? The editors asked Dr. Newton about it—and here is his answer, gleaming with all the hope and reassurance of Bethlehem's star



ONLY God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the ken of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homey yet so heavenly. It is a tapestry woven of stable-straw and star-light. It is a scene to sanctify the world, and call it back from a wisdom that is not wise.

Man would have made it a pageant, but God works in slower and more secret ways. He blows no trumpet. He rings no bell. He begins within, seeking His ends by quiet growth, by the strange power which men call weakness. Man has one answer to every problem—force; but that is not the way of God. He did not send an army to conquer the world; He sent a Babe to make a woman cry. Such wisdom breaks the heart—and mends it.

The Christmas scene is immortal, as holy in its meaning as it is haunting in its loveliness. A Mother who was a poet keeping an ancient faith; a Babe born "at the end of the way of a wandering star," showing us that God enters the life of man; "one of the children of the year," attended by starry ideals and simple shepherd sentiments; the march of the Magi Kings, stately star-gazers, prophets of the old light-religion of the race . . . this is immortal.

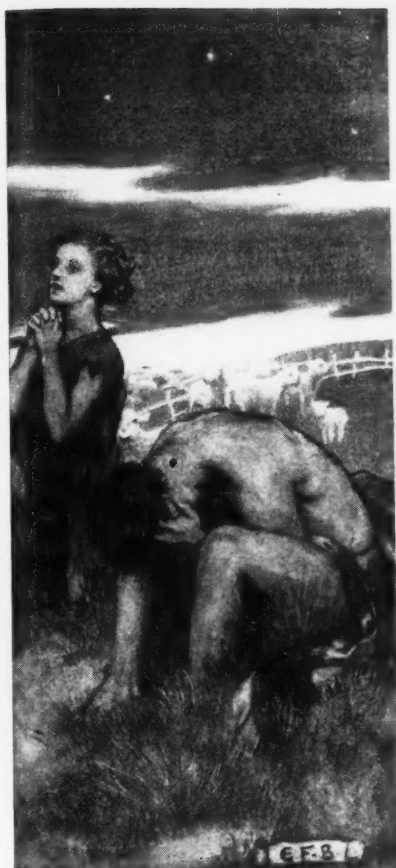
They are wise men indeed, wise in their humility and hunger of heart, who bow at such a shrine, where a far-off pilgrim

star is linked with the life of a little Child, and the human soul becomes a Cradle in which the love of God is born anew in the life of man, to bless and save mankind. By such faith we know that no hope is too high, no dream too holy, to be fulfilled—even the dream of "peace on earth among men of good will."

How far off that holy music must have seemed on that night long ago; and how far off it seems today! For while we are not hopeless, we are unhelpful of a world-Christmas of which the vision tells. Much has happened betimes; ages of woe have come and gone, war has followed war, each more frightful than the last; and now a universal war shakes the whole earth with its thunder.

How can we say "Merry Christmas"—the one word that fits the day—when the earth is full of cruelty, horror, and fear? How can we be merry when so many are in misery, when death takes a thousand shapes on earth, in the air, on the sea, and when stark starvation stalks abroad? Often we wonder, in spite of ourselves, whether the Christmas vision is not too fair ever to have been true in the past, and too frail ever to come true in the future in this bitter world.

Ah, but that is the secret of Christmas—it knows how to be merry in the midst of misery. The first Christmas day dawned on a hard old Roman world,



Beautiful color prints of this picture of Angel and Shepherds, by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale, may be secured from Rudolph Lesch, New York

and upward forever," as if the race were being lifted from the animal to the angel shape on an escalator. There is no such law of automatic progress, as we now know.

To be sure, a generation ago there was more hand-shaking than fist-shaking. But underneath the thin crust of society forces were gathering and growing which finally exploded in a world war, which, after a brief Armistice, has now flamed into a world holocaust, making the earth an inferno and the sea and the air a cemetery; it is a new Thirty-Year's War. Yes, this war has created ill will, and a rising tide of hate which fills us with alarm; but still more it has revealed a tragic lack of creative good will. Such good will did not exist, except in a few great souls and a few small groups. Not otherwise, save as a vague sentiment, or as a pious wish.

Also, at long last, for the first time the world has become a unit. The big world in which our fathers lived has shriveled to a tiny world, a whispering gallery and a hall of mirrors. It is no longer the size of a football but the size of an orange. By the magic of science, no place is far from any other place. What happens on one side of the earth is known on the other side, in a matter of minutes. It will soon be possible to eat breakfast in New York and lunch in London—so swiftly have the ends of the earth been drawn together and made one.

Time and distance have disappeared—such a fact requires a radical readjustment of mind. But man changes his mental habits slowly and with difficulty; he loves inertia and dislikes to be disturbed. His body may travel in an airplane and his mind journey in an oxcart. Anyway, our humanity has been thrown together, jammed together, many races, many colors, and the result is—a human volcano! Either our race must learn to live together in good will or perish—such is the fact before our eyes.

Seeing the small world, ready to hand, a tribe of thugs and bandits are trying to capture and conquer it, to rule or ruin it for their own ends. It is an apotheosis of vanity and stupidity; it will fail, but it makes the stupendous tragedy of our generation. Many times the world has been broken to pieces, and put together in a new pattern. It will be so again, but at what cost of suffering, terror and horror!

Old habits and inherited ways of thinking die hard. Even yet, in face of facts, we still want to tend our little plot in our own way; we pretend that we do not need one another. We are suspicious, mistrustful, stubborn, and very much afraid. We form ourselves into cliques, classes, sects, and stand up for our own rights. Slowly and painfully, but surely

too, we are learning that humanity is one, whether it wants to be or not, and must live together in fraternal righteousness and good will, or it cannot live at all. Either we must see the way God is going, and get things out of His way, or we cannot go on.

By the same token, if there is to be a religion of brotherhood on earth, it must begin in a brotherhood of religion. The Church, the Body of Christ,—divided about little realities, sub-divided about unrealities—is unequal to the problem of redemption in its tragic and gigantic modern setting. If its Gospel, as now interpreted, has to do only with the inner life and the other world, it cannot meet the aching need, much less heal the deep hurt and horror, of a world broken and bleeding to death.

In London, in the first World War, it was proposed that all Christians meet and pray together, invoking the mercy of God. A famous and beloved Bishop said it could not be done, unless the meeting were held "in some spiritual no-man's land"—so deep, so fixed was the gulf between church and chapel. Across the years those words still stab my heart like daggers. Can there be such thing as "a spiritual no-man's land" in a world shaken, if not shattered, by the crash and thunder of universal war?

Good will! Surely it ought to begin in the Church of Christ—good will, not merely a distant and diplomatic courtesy, as if we were strangers. Unless the Church—the greatest group on earth—can realize in its faith and exhibit in its fellowship a new and higher group life, and give the race group guidance and a group morality, the future is indeed dark. Not uniformity, but unity—a living unity of the Church of the living God—is our need. "Where there is a will there is a way"; where there is good will there is a good way to do together what none can do alone.

Read now these words written "somewhere" on one of the far-flung fronts of this war, in a letter from a soldier-boy to his aunt, who has passed them along to me. He is a college man, a graduate of a Law School, and he has been doing some thinking betimes. His words may make us squirm, but they put things plainly and to the point, and it behooves us to listen:

"This is to be a long war, but the thing that weighs most on my mind is the spiritual barrenness of the generation that is doing the fighting on our side, the intellectual vacuity of our effort. This is gruesomely emphasized by the hollow tumult out of Broadway and Hollywood that is supposed to be stirring our people to wrath, hatred and greater production. (Continued on page 47)

under Caesar the Dictator, among a subject people in an occupied land, under iron military rule. There was music in heaven and murder on earth; the song celestial and the slaughter of little children by Herod, the monster. The contrast between inward faith and outward fact, between the beauty of the vision and the brutality of the reality, is hardly more ghastly today than when Jesus lay in the Manger.

Yet Christmas came, bringing its benediction and prophecy. It is not a myth; it is not a mockery. Surviving ages of slaughter, it still haunts us, proving its immortality. If its music seems far off, we know that it is not our own music, but was sent into the soul of man by One who is as far above us as the stars are above the mists.

Why then, after two thousand years of Christmas influence, is this wide sad world such a scene of horror? Why is the race crucified anew on the cross of war, torn by strife, tormented by hatred, lying, and such cruelties as men have never known, even in times actually barbaric? Is Good Will a casualty of our global war, either dead or "missing?"

No, no! Such good will as we had imagined has never yet existed; we have been living in a world of illusion, remote from reality. We were victims of the fiction of "the progress of man onward



THE THREE WISE MEN OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE COME BACK TO THE WORLD THAT IS NOW. IT IS A VASTLY DIFFERENT WORLD—BUT THE STAR IS STILL THERE

ONE moment they were outside the high wire fence, the next they were within, three bearded old men in fur caps and overcoats, steaming like engines in a switching yard as their breath froze in the bitter December cold. They ploughed over the broken snow inside the enclosure. Low, black barracks lay across their path. One moment, again, they were outside them, the next they were within, huddling over an iron stove whose sides glowed red. "You are strangers," said one of the men, "and yet I think I have known you before."

"Yes," murmured another dreamily, "I think we were once companions on a journey. It was a long time ago."

"Yes," mused the third, "and very far away."

"That, too, was a winter night," said the first, a big man with a big head, "but not like this."

"Not like this," said the second, who was round and small and full of dreams.

"No," said the first, "that night was clear."

"There were stars, if I remember correctly," said the other man, who was lean and precise.

"Many stars," the little man agreed.

"I remember only one," the big man declared flatly.

"There were many stars, I tell you!" the lean, old man insisted.

"Many stars," echoed the little man, "but—"

"I remember only one."

"One!" In the little man amorphous shapes were beginning to take outline and color.

"Yes, I remember now," the lean man grudgingly assented, "one was brighter than all the others."

The HOUR of STARS

By Hermann Hagedorn

"One was brighter than all the others put together."

"It was strange, that star."

"It seemed alive."

"It *was* alive. It moved across the sky like a man's hand, pointing. . . ."

"A man's hand. . . ."

"God's hand. . . ."

"God's hand pointing."

"What was it pointing at? Do you remember?"

"It was a long time ago." The little fellow's mind had gone vague again.

"I remember," cried the bean-pole, "it was pointing at a stable."

"A stable!"

"That was an odd thing for the finger of God to be pointing at!"

"Not so odd. It was not really pointing at the stable. Don't you remember? It was pointing at something inside the stable."

The fat man nodded vacantly. "That was far away and very long ago."

The big man was staring past the stove into the darkness of the long room. "My memory seems to hold nothing except a sense of light."

"That was all there was," cried the lean fellow. "Light."

"No, there was more," cried the other, struggling to recall.
"The light was alive."

"Of course, foolish old man. Light is always alive."

"You don't understand. This light had hands and feet."

"I begin to remember," said the fat little man, coming to life. "It had eyes."

"Why do I want to kneel when I think of those eyes?"

"Why do I want to die when I think of that heart?"

The lean man looked frightened. "To die?"

"I too want to die."

"Yes, yes, to die that we may live."

"I see it all now!" exclaimed the big man. "A dark room, dark as this."

"An ox, an ass. . ."

"A manger. There was a manger. I am sure there was a manger."

"There was a Child in the manger, a Child, lying on straw."

"That was the Light."

"Of course!" The fat man's little eyes were alive and alert.

"The Child was the Light."

"A woman was near, and a man. How it all comes back!"

"You brought gifts, Melchior."

"You, too, Balthasar."

"And you, Ka-Spar."

"Gold and rubies."

"Frankincense and myrrh."

"Silks from India and Cathay."

"Pearls from the sea, pearls from the depths of the sea."

"I thought my gifts worthy of a king," murmured the big man, "and was proud of them on the long journey, but they seemed trash when I laid them at the Child's feet."

"He wanted something else," cried the little man.

"Something to Him more precious."

"He?"

"Yes. And me."

"And me."

"I did not know it was me. He wanted, not then," said the big man who had been called Melchior, "and I have been wandering since, through all space and all time, trying to find Him again and offer what I then held back."

"What I held back."

"What I held back."

"Do you remember . . .?" cried the little man, whose eyes were beginning to dance.

"What?"

"Was there not a singing?"

"Why, yes, now you speak of it. I do remember singing."

"It sounded like the singing of children."

"Not children. Angels."

"Angels. . ." the little man was back in dreams.

"Do you remember what they sang?"

"I have forgotten. It was very long ago."

"I remember. . ." whispered lean Balthasar.

"What was it?"

"Glory to God in the highest. . ."

"Now I remember. *On earth, peace, to men of good will.*"

"Peace. What is Peace?" asked the little man. "I have forgotten."

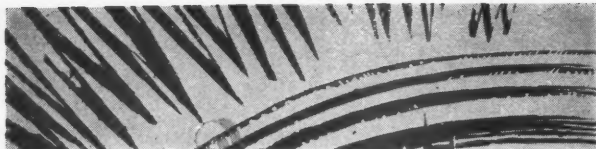
"I never knew until that night," answered big Melchior, "but kneeling beside the manger, I knew."

"I, too, kneeling beside the manger."

"Yes, kneeling beside the manger." (Continued on page 42)



"One was brighter than all the others put together"



BELIEVE the present war is the last big war the human race will ever know.

That's quite a statement, but I have my reasons for it, one of which is that more people hate war now than have ever hated it before. The present war, carried on as it is with its ultra-effective modern weapons of death, has become by all odds the most cruel and cowardly and brutal war ever waged anywhere. Millions of little children in different parts of the world are starving slowly to death. The loss of life and the destruction of property, including works of art and churches and cathedrals and hospitals, is simply beyond human computation. Millions of the human race have been blasted awake to the utter futility of war, and they have begun to hate it. They once thought of war only in terms of patriotism and good citizenship—but no more! Now they are thinking of it in terms of things destroyed (to say nothing of people and values) which can never, never be replaced.

The world generally is sick and tired of the whole business, of its cost, its cruelty, its murder of helpless women and little children—and on that account I have become one of a multitude of believers who believe this war to be the last war. I have made up my mind not to die until war is a relic of history.

Now, then, supposing that war is over and the world has entered on a new cycle of peace; what will there be for "Adventure" in a world in which the adventure of war is no more?

I think it is safe to say that millions of young men, who are always the ones to pay the price, go into war for the sake of adventure. They don't want to kill, and they don't expect to be killed themselves; the majority of them are tired of the monotony of life, and they crave action that is different.

One of the members of my church, a highly gifted college boy, came to me years ago just as another war was getting

under way, and said, "Pastor, I am awfully tired of my college course, and I feel the need of something different. There is nothing happening that appeals to me; I crave *adventure*." He used the word we are talking about, and he went into the war with a college regiment. And he did not come back. He went for adventure and he had it, but the Grim Reaper, as he swung his scythe, grinned over one more human cut off in his prime.

But suppose this same college boy facing the world without a war comes to his pastor asking, "Where is adventure now? Where do I find it?"

The first great adventure of the human race after war is no more, will be the adventure of the Spirit.

Many of our most intelligent scientists have spent their time making very wonderful discoveries in the realm of the physical creations of matter. Engines for killing, machinery for turning out tanks, the bombs that cause millions of little children to lose their fathers and mothers and starve to death sitting on the ruins of their cribs and digging their little fingers into the earth to find grubs to eat! That is what these scientists have been doing, especially in this last century of boasted discoveries in the realm of matter.

But what is all that compared with the courage and bravery of the soul that begins to fight for a better inner life? The Apostle Paul sums it all up when he says at the close of his remarkable life: "I have fought the good fight! I have kept the faith!" That is a shout of victory greater than any shout on the battlefield. A "good" fight. Yea, verily.

A young man or an old man wakes up and takes a look at himself. He finds himself the slave of habits of greed and selfishness and carelessness and pride. And he sets out to correct these habits. It does not take very much courage to shoot a man when a lot of others are shooting, but it takes all the courage a man can muster to confront himself as his own worst enemy. It takes a *man* even to begin to fight the good fight to reconstruct the spirit within.

Life is plagued by habits of indifference in the home or at the office or on the street that must be reformed. What ails the world today? Bad habits. The good inner life has been neglected. Even in the churches, multitudes of members are members in name only. Suppose we could get a revival of all the church members of the world for a better inner life! We would have the greatest revival since the day of Pentecost! Jesus went so far as to say in His first sermon, "Ye must be born again." Or "anew!" A complete change of life, a turning around and going the other way. That is an adventure in daily habits; and an adventure worth your time!

I live near a college, which was started by a few ministers on their knees asking God for a Christian College where religion would be emphasized as the most important part of an education. But I am lucky if I ever get a chance to park my little car in front of my own house, because generally some college boy has his car parked there. It is more convenient for him to do this than to drive a little farther down the block. Suppose those boys waked up to the fact that what they do is not quite friendly or courteous or *religious*, and started to change their habits? It will take some courage and thoughtfulness to do that, aye. An adventure of the inner life may be greater than facing a gun or going over the top.

Then there is the adventure of learning something of the great world into which we are born. What does the average college student know of the world into which he was born? A great many college boys know the names of nearly all the movie stars, but a great many more do not know the name of a single star in God's heaven.

At this point I am reminded of a great piece of adventure in which a classmate of mine braved every sort of misunderstanding in bringing about a better understanding between the Jews and Protestants of New York City.

As Secretary of a Home Missions Council, he suffered criticism at the hands of his own Protestant associates, but in the end he succeeded in creating a brotherly feeling between Jews and Protestants that remains to this day as a powerful impulse toward a better (Continued on page 55)

By PATRICIA WHITE
and WADE MOSS

IN LATE September, Dothan, Alabama, has a national festival in honor of the peanut that brought prosperity to the farmers of the state who, in blind faith, "let down their buckets" with the young Negro scientist at Tuskegee when they were facing bankruptcy in 1898 as the result of the boll weevil.

Actually, the event is a tribute to the "Wizard of Tuskegee" who fathered Ersatz in the United States with this lowly legume. This year we are more than mindful that rubber, explosives and pharmaceuticals are among the 272 products Dr. George Washington Carver created from the peanut since that fateful year.

One day the door of Dr. Carver's office opened and a huge but hesitant black man about fifty years old tiptoed quietly in. He stood about six feet and a half in his high laced boots and corduroys.

"Howdy," the giant greeted Dr. Carver, rubbing a work-worn hand over his rough, untrimmed beard.

Many strangers call unannounced to see Dr. Carver and, regardless of rank or personality, they are greeted with the same casual simplicity.

"How do you do," replied Carver, removing the famous gold rimmed spectacles with only one ear piece and the other fastened with a piece of string. "What may I do for you?"

"Nuthin', Suh, nuthin'. Jes wanted to look at you."

"Perhaps you would like to see my laboratory display."

"Naw Suh, jes sit yoself down and lemme look at you. Dats all, Suh. Us doan want nuthin' particular like."

Carver was puzzled but no alternative remained but to obey the giant's will. So, returning to his work on the desk, he pretended to become engrossed. Warily he watched the man from the corner of his eye.

Many minutes of heavy silence passed, during which time the big fellow stood,

swinging ominously from his knees. His whole body rocked while his hands nervously rolled his weather beaten hat. Irresistibly his eyes followed Dr. Carver's every move; nothing seemed to escape his attention. Expressions of awe and confusion alternately took possession of his features. Finally he broke the silence.

"Yo sho yo'all be Carver, suh?"

Dr. Carver assured him he could be no one else, and, with this opening, again sought to entice the enigma before him to inspect the wonders of his laboratory. But the big man only shook his head, muttering beneath his breath:

"So dis is Carver; wal, I'll be dog-goned—jes cain't be so."

At length Dr. Carver's habitual patience and control broke. He could endure the scrutiny no longer. "What do you want?" he finally demanded in as near a shout as his gentle voice could command.

With resignation the stranger shrugged his shoulders. Turning on his heel, he flung back:

"So dis is de man what put the P in peanuts—huh!"

Surprisingly, this gentle, modest, frail old Negro scientist is full of such stories as this, which he tells only to those with

whom he has been associated for years. Most of the stories give him an opportunity to laugh at himself. Past eighty years now, he still continues his scientific investigations that are more than ever vital to a nation faced with the necessity of utilizing every ounce of its human and natural resources.

Born a slave, the "Wizard of Tuskegee" was first to astound the world with the conversion of farm products into hundreds of industrial uses through the medium of the test tube. He blazed the trail in proving that our fossil-derived chemicals will ultimately be drawn from replaceable sources on the soil surface rather than from the irreplaceable stores deep in the bowels of the earth. Coal and oil are, after all, only vegetable matter converted by sunshine into chemicals by plant leaves and buried.

According to Dr. Karl Compton, in this age we call scientific, we still know exactly nothing about how a leaf of a plant is able to pick up the radiant energy of the sun and convert it into chemical compounds. When this wall of ignorance has been erased nations will not have to look beyond their own borders for their place in the sun. From the sunlight each nation will be able to derive everything its people need.

The Peanut and MR. CREATOR

Today's transmutations surpass the wildest dreams of the alchemists. In the limitless horizons of the test tube, chemists have demonstrated that you can unscramble omelettes, make water so wet that ducks sink, turn a sow's ear into a purse. It is not improbable that a chemist's retort may be more powerful than armed forces in staying the course of empire.

Forty-five years ago, Booker T. Washington called on the recently graduated botanist from Iowa State College, who had educated himself after years of hardship and struggle, and offered him the position as professor of agriculture at Tuskegee, Alabama, where Dr. Washington was making such a great success of the Tuskegee Institute.

Dr. Carver, as the new professor of science-in-general, found no facilities awaiting him at Tuskegee, nothing with which to demonstrate the principles of science or agriculture. With only eager students and willing hands, he drew from miscellaneous odds and ends, from scraps of metals and glass. At the end of a few months, his crude laboratory began serving its purpose. From this humble beginning the laboratory grew into one of the finest and most adequately equipped in the South.

With 132 buildings now, covering 1,800 acres, in the beginning Tuskegee Institute had been just a white man's experiment and a Negro's dream. A few flat acres of meager land too poor to plow, and a tiny, squalid frame structure given Booker T. Washington as his first school house were all he could offer his first pupils. The local Negro children who found education, adjustment and inspiration from this young Negro who lived with the credo that the Negro sought only to express himself in the purity of his race; and by demonstration of those intellectual powers inherent in all God's people enabled him to find his rightful place in the affairs of a great and free nation. Lifting his eyes to the eternal hills he dedicated himself and his life to "lifting the veil of ignorance from his people that they might see clearly, with undistorted vision."

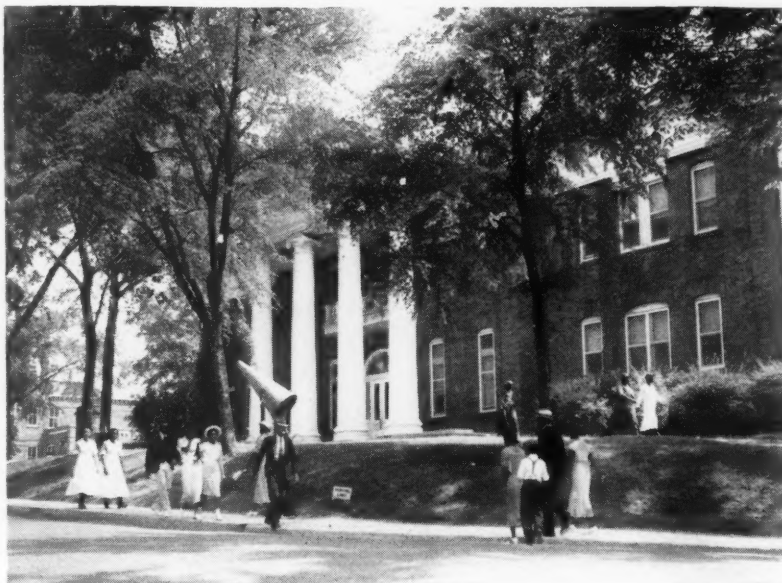
"Let down your bucket," Booker Washington told me," says Dr. Carver these many years later. "This I have done, and it has never failed to come forth filled to overflowing." For more than forty years Dr. George Washington Carver has drawn abundantly from his bucket. He has solved many problems without leaving his laboratory; for this he accepts no remuneration. He serves for the joy of serving. He believes that God has given him this great knowledge of chemistry so that he may interpret God's generosity toward mankind, and that his mind is much like that of a radio tube which receives God's will.

In the early days, the southern farmers shifted for themselves. As their fathers before, and their grandfathers before them had farmed, so they, lore-wise,



Dr. George Carver in his laboratory at Tuskegee Institute

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Tuskegee Institute-Carnegie Hall Music Building

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farmed. Prior to the mechanized methods of agriculture, there had been little change in the methods of farming or in the nature of the crops themselves. Crop rotation, diversified farming, seed selection, intensive fertilization were looked upon as new-fangled notions; something taught in schools to "book learning farmers." These men considered themselves real dirt farmers and real dirt farmers had no need for fantastic notions. To them, their methods possessed tradition. They were beyond experiment.

But little by little people began to hear of this young agriculturist at Tuskegee whose words always seemed to

be important. One day a wealthy woman landowner inquired of Carver concerning her farms. Drained by years of constant cotton cultivation, hundreds of acres showed no profit. "What shall I raise?" she asked.

"Just then," says Carver, "my eyes became as expressionless as a fish's eyes. I did not reply, for I knew nothing to say.

"But straightaway, I went to the woods. There I communicated with Mister Creator. Being alone in the woods with nature is like wearing the cloak of the Creator. Here in the peace and solitude of His creation I could ask Mister Creator the solution of my problems."



Chapel at Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama

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DETROIT—Dr. George Washington Carver, Negro scientist, in conference with Henry Ford in the latter's food laboratory, to discuss the potentialities of the soil. Both denied they were seeking a solution to the rubber shortage. Here they are shown in a lab conference

"'Raise peanuts' said Mister Creator. 'But, Mister Creator,' I inquired, 'what is the peanut?'"

"'Take the peanut into your laboratory, George,' He instructed me,—and take it apart, using the laws I have given you and your few brains (He never said how few) and I will reveal to you what is the peanut.'"

"'This I did, and there lay before me a wealth of revelation. Before my eyes lay much of His great creation-story of the world. Here were the proteins, the carbohydrates, the oils, the vital substance, the pigments, the celluloses. There, spread before me, were His Di-

vine tools of creation. From His mystic self I could fashion abundantly new creations for the greater glorification of His people.'"

"'Raise peanuts,' Dr. Carver told his people, and raise peanuts they did with blind faith in this young apostle. Thousands of acres without even an assured market.

Faced with the problem of utilizing the large quantity of peanuts he had recommended be raised, Carver turned again to Mister Creator.

"To the eternal hills I raised my eyes. From these great hills had come my help.

Already I had asked 'What is the peanut?' and He had revealed to me the nature of the peanut. Now I asked, 'Mister Creator, why did you make the peanut?'"

"'I will show you, George, why I made the peanut. Go again into your laboratory and with the three laws I have given you; namely temperature, pressure and compatability, (He did not mention brains this time) put together the different parts of the peanut and I will show you why I made it.'"

"With these three universal laws, I blended parts of the peanut and, lo, more than 270 new products lay before me. Rubber, medicines, milks, shoe polishes, mock soups, rayon pigments, dyes, stains, textile weaving materials, synthetic leathers, soaps, explosives, beverages and many, many others.

"Thus had Mister Creator revealed to me the secret of the peanut. And when I asked Him for further revelations, He reminded me that He had given to his people every herb and shrub and fruit that it may be as meat. So in a manner similar to my methods with the peanut, I treated sweet potatoes, yucca, palmetto, okra, corn, and many other southern products. From the sweet potato alone another 165 products were obtained.

"With these I have merely blazed the trail for the time when we may find everything a man needs in the abundance with which we are surrounded. Through science, Mister Creator has given us the means of securing all the good things of life without taking them from someone else."

Dr. Carver never explains that the old clothes he wears, the faded, patched blue apron, the homespun suit, handwoven necktie, the patched shoes and eternal boutonniere mean much to him—a constant physical reminder that he is clothed by the Great Creator. The tie he made from the roots of the forest by shredding out the soft silky cellulose, carding and spinning it, and finally cutting it into a tie. The beautiful blue of the fabric laid claim to the colors from the Alabama hills. The tattered apron came from waste cotton stalks, the work of his own hands, from raw materials to the finished product. From the peanut had come the synthetic leather that patched his worn shoes, as serviceable as animal leather.

With his long bony finger, George Carver pointed to the pictures on the walls of his office. They were paintings by Maxfield Parrish. "The subject doesn't interest me much," said Dr. Carver, "but the blue . . . only Maxfield Parrish can paint such blues. Notice how they blend, one tone into another, from pastel to the depthless shades that seem to fade into endlessness. The inspiration of these blues kindled in me an interest in blue and in their near relative, purple. I studied all I could about these colors. Then I talked to Mister Creator.

"Mister Creator transported me nearly
(Continued on page 57)



"This is a neat model you've got, Bill. The competition will be stiff, but I'm sure you'll place"

CHRISTOPHER WHITE jumped the steps and in two strides crossed the front porch. Almost simultaneous were the actions of turning the door knob, pushing his shoulder against the heavy door to ease it open, and shouting in a voice intended to cover the entire house, "Hey, folks! Guess what?"

The immediate response was silence. Mrs. White was basting the evening roast and in the tinkling noises of sizzling fat she did not hear her son. Her husband was sleeping soundly on the day bed in the living room; far in the distance a familiar voice touched his ear but it was muffled by the travel through the spaces of sleep and did not compel

Mr. White's attention. Upstairs thirteen-year-old Bill continued to shave down the propeller for a miniature observation plane. Unconsciously Bill's response to the voice had been, "Something about a girl, probably," and in his disinterest, he had not moved his eyes from his model in hand.

Then in mock pity the voice cried again, "Doesn't anyone want to know they've got an airman in the White family?"

The human ear strains to hear exciting news. Somehow this time Mrs. White heard and came bustling into the hallway. "What's this, Chris? You're accepted? Oh, dear; when do you have to go?"

And the second speaking scattered Mr. White's sleep as bright sunshine scatters an early morning mist. He was awake although still a little foggy in mind. At least he was certain he had heard something important. "Airman? Airman in the family? You've been accepted, Chris. Son, Son, that's grand news."

"Gee, Chris; you're really going, really going to fly 'em? Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!" And Bill in three jumps and a

slide landed in front of his older brother.

"Just got the letter at the postoffice. I'm to report at Mather Field for Primary training next Saturday. Am I proud! Can't you see me coming in over the field for a neat, three-point landing in one of those Stearman trainers?"

"Like the model I have upstairs."

"You bet, Bill. And now I ought to let Laurie know. And Dottie and Beth will want to be the first to hear, too."

"But Chris, I've got a tasty roast for dinner and it will be ready in just half an hour. I do want everything to be just right tonight. Will you be sure to be back in time and not a minute late?"

"Surest thing you know, Muddie." Chris kissed his mother affectionately on the cheek. He knew there were tears which only strong will was holding back.

He closed the door behind him.

"Well, Alice, no one in Queensland can say the Whites aren't doing their share in this war: Chris in the air corps, you with your Red Cross work, and I turning our plant into a munitions factory."

"And don't forget, Dad, I'm making model airplanes and some day they may help, too."

"Indeed they may, Son."

*Brother
Airmen*



"Yes, we're doing our part and we'll all keep on doing what we can, but something inside of me falters when I think of our Chris flying one of those great planes maybe all around the world."

"He'd have to stop to refuel, Mom. Gee, maybe he'll get a chance to fly a dive bomber. The Navy has the SBC-4 dive bomber which goes right down at three hundred fifty miles an hour. That's some speed, eh?"

But Mrs. White wasn't listening. She turned to her husband and there was a note of desperation in her voice. "What does one do at a time like this, Father?"

"The first simple thing that comes to

hand, I guess, my dear. And do it hard. I should think dinner might be that thing just now. We've got to make it a party dinner on top of this news—bright and cheerful; Chris's so excited and proud, and we must be proud, too."

Mrs. White's nose twitched anxiously. "My beans; they're burning." And she dashed into her kitchen to rescue her burning beans and to relieve her own inner anxiety.

"Dad, how old does a guy have to be to enlist in the air corps?"

"They'll take them at eighteen now, Bill. Thinking of joining up?"

"Not tomorrow, you understand." Bill grinned. "But in just about four and a half years you can get ready to be proud of me like you're proud of Chris, now. There's nothing I want to do so much as fly one of those new Curtiss P-40s. And I guess my best chances are in the air corps, eh?"

"Perhaps you're right, Bill."

A fortnight can pass like a lingering eternity or like a lightning flash. The pace of time is set by what lies ahead. For Christopher White the days were too short to crowd in all he desired to do; on the other hand his mother had the feeling that she was holding on to each day with both her hands, to keep them from passing.

For Bill the fortnight was doubly exciting. He had learned of a Model Airplane contest, sponsored by a government agency, and after long and serious conference with Chris he had decided to enter a Boulton-Paul Defiant with retractable landing gear—a model he had half finished. As often as he could he demanded Chris's counsel, believing perhaps that his older brother, so soon to fly, might offer a semi-professional blessing to the small ship's career.

It was the night before Chris left Queensland that Bill begged, "Could you help me, Bill, the last time? I've got to get the Defiant covered right after dinner. If you could hold the silk while I glue, I know I could make it a master job."

"Beth is expecting me at eight."

"We'll be finished before then. The

model is due to-morrow, you know. I plan to leave it at the contest room after we take you to the train."

"Maybe then for just a few minutes, but Beth doesn't like..."

But already the two were on their way to the attic where Bill had his workshop.

"Can you pull it a little tighter? There on the wing tip, Chris. If you don't, it wrinkles."

"This is a neat model you've got, Bill. The competition will be stiff but I sure hope you place."

"So do I, Chris. I'd like the prize, of course, but if I win, it's going to mean more to me than the prize itself. I don't know if I can tell you, but somehow it will give me the feeling that I've got a part in flying—like you, only of course not nearly so important."

"It will be four and a half years before they'll take me, but if I win in this contest I'll feel that I'm just a little bit nearer to getting where you are now. . . . I can't say what I mean, Chris, but maybe you understand."

"Yes, Bill, I think I do understand. And you're a darn good kid brother. I'll send you some stuff from Mather."

"Gee Chris, would you? Some pictures maybe, and maybe some wings? Gee, I'd love that."

Tuesday, the eighteenth, was a momentous day in the history of the White family. Each member of the family in his separate anticipation had written it down with a red circle. Yet no member of the family knew in advance all that was to be crowded for good or for evil within that encircled twenty-four hours.

Chris's train left at ten and Mr. and Mrs. White and Bill were there to wave him off. Chris's spirits were high; adventure alluring and limitless lay ahead. Mr. White was torn between delight and the anxiety of parting; whereas Mrs. White found her pride, which she had tried so hard to nurture, swallowed up in her maternal sense of loss. For Bill the day held a double-header: Chris entering the air corps and his model plane due. (Continued on page 48)





"IT FITS!" "IT FITS!"

The wise and venerable hands of the aged are opening the Bible today as they have always opened it—and there are more Bibles in the hands of soldiers today than there have been since the Book was written. For Universal Bible Sunday, sponsored by the American Bible Society, Dr. Ellis tells why, in this brilliant article



By WILLIAM
T. ELLIS

ONCE, as I rode through Palestine with a famous American preacher, I heard him cry, "It fits! It fits." He alluded to the confirmation of the Bible record by the geography of the Land. I have often played upon that string, and once wrote a book about it.

Now, in the midst of war, I find myself harping upon another meaning of my friend's phrase, "It fits!" For I find that the truths of the Bible fit present conditions as a glove fits a hand. There is more light and leading for the day's emergency in the Scriptures than there is in any state paper or in the utterances of any leader or in the forthgivings of any editor or columnist.

That is the big fact about the Bible—its eternal contemporaneity. This ancient Book, instead of being "behind the times," is so greatly ahead of advanced thinking that the most progressive books are only beginning to catch up with it. Christ's Kingdom platform is still far in front of The Atlantic Charter and The Malvern Declaration and the latest books upon a just and durable peace.

"It fits," does this wonderful Book, both international and personal conditions. Its program is for real life. There is no situation which can arise which may not be illuminated by clear counsel from the Bible.

Apparently a swiftly and vastly increased number of persons are finding



Soldiers not only accept the Bible gladly: they ask for it!

this out. Recently there came to my desk a letter from a radio official, accompanied by a little book, "The Sayings Of Jesus." He had discovered the wonderful pertinency and power of the utterances of the Saviour, and had organized a society for their dissemination. He declared that this was the first time the complete utterances of Jesus had been issued separately! He did not know that there have been many such publications, and that "Red Letter New Testaments" are very common. I approve of my correspondent's zeal, and of the truth of his "discovery," but I wish he had spent

half an hour with one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, to learn some commonplace facts.

He would have heard a wonderful story of the new peaks of purchase of this perennial "best seller," the Bible. In spite of war's difficulties, the Bible has reached an all-time high circulation. The tale of how China's insatiable demand is being met, despite unprecedented transportation and military obstacles, is an epic in itself. Africa has a similar story.

When the German blitz knocked out the production center of the British and

Foreign Bible Society, the American Bible Society stepped into the breach and shouldered its brother's world-wide burdens, although itself confronted with unexampled civilian demands; it met, meanwhile, the need to produce literally millions of Bibles, or Bible parts, for our own fighting forces. Kaiser and his brilliant ship-building has nothing on the modest group of Christian men who are meeting this emergency's need for the Bread of Life. I do not expect any preacher to start cheering in his pulpit over the stupendous story of the current spread of the Bible; but I do hope that a few score thousand of them will tell people the heartening story. Let them contrast the figures of the most touted "best sellers" in present-day fiction with the spread of the ever-living Word.

Pages could be consumed in telling the globe-circling story of the translation—up to date, into more than a thousand tongues—and the story of the circulation of the Book of Books. Other pages could narrate the story of the part the Bible has had in shaping and undergirding modern civilization. Democracy comes straight out of the Scriptures. Dr. Stifter has a luminous phrase, "Bible-born America." The permeation of literature by the Scripture is illustrated by his story:

author's stodgy attempt to write a new Gospel. Any reader of "The Nazarene" would have had more pleasure and profit from a reading of the Gospel of Mark. All the countless attempts to "improve" upon the literary text of Scripture have been miserable failures.

In saying this I do not disparage the various modern translations of the Bible. Every real student needs these. The writers have had access to more old source manuscripts than had the scholars in 1611. And language has changed, so that many passages in the King James Version are archaic. But the literary style of that version has never been approached. Somebody has said, "The Authorized Version translators may not have known as much Hebrew and Greek as their modern successors, but they certainly knew more and better English."

I find that the use of the modern versions, however helpful otherwise, plays havoc with one's verbal memory of the text. As a young man, I could quote correctly considerable Scripture; now I find myself confusing the various translations.

As I have visited Crusader castles in the Holy Land, I have naturally marveled that they have survived the batterings of the centuries. I have found myself regarding them as faint types of

end of Mt. Carmel, where, in a time of drought, Elijah procured water for the vessels with which he drenched his altar to Jehovah, in the great conflict with the priests of Baal. Another is the huge spring at Baalbek; another is at the foot of Mt. Nebo; another gushes from the rock of Behistun, in Persia; another, "The Fountain of the Virgin," comes up from beneath the eastern wall of Jerusalem, the city's only supply of living water.

All of these typify the Scriptures, which are a fountain of everflowing waters. Consider, if imagination is equal to the task, the millions and billions of Christians who, throughout nineteen centuries, have found light and leading and inspiration and moral standards and comfort and consolation and wisdom in these time-tested pages. Then try to realize how every book in the Bible, every chapter, every verse, every phrase, every word, has been the object of keenest scholarly scrutiny and analysis, and the source of uncounted sermons and written comment. From the literary standpoint, there has never been anything like this phenomenon. What social remedy ever proposed for any time equals, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee?"

With our current respect for scholarship, it is good to know that the Bible has stood the test of the archaeologist's spade and the philologist's microscope. A few years ago I was at lunch in Jerusalem with Dr. Charles Fisher, of the American Institute of Oriental Research, who has done more than any other to put Biblical archaeology on an organized, co-operative and scientific basis. His function was to survey the whole wide field of archaeology.

I asked him, "Dr. Fisher, from your knowledge of archaeology, do you know of any discovery that discredits or denies the historicity of the Bible?"

My friend's face took on a new seriousness. Leaning toward me, he said, with intense earnestness, "Not a thing, Dr. Ellis, not a single thing! On the contrary, within the past ten years we have made many finds that singularly corroborate the Bible story." Then he proceeded to tell me about them.

Christians should have firmly fixed in their minds this truth that the Bible is no collection of old wives' tales, no mere group of legends, but that it has met every possible scientific test as a historic document. Still more important, it has met the test of human experience. I once heard Mr. Moody say, "I know the Bible is inspired, because it inspires me." At its unfading flame how many torches have been lighted, to become blazing beacons of human leadership!

Bible-inspired civil leaders are more needed than military generals in this global war. But even more urgent is the necessity for a reverent knowledge of the Bible on the part of the great mass of us

(Continued on page 58)

A Prayer for Universal Bible Sunday, Dec. 13th

by CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

O Thou who art the Friend and Father of men, give us renewed power to overcome our defects. Give us a renewed spirit of kindness and good will toward all our fellow-beings. Help us to follow those lines of thought, of feeling, and of purpose which shall bring us peace with honor. Teach us to hide the truths of thy holy Word in our hearts, that we may not sin against thee. May those truths become a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. May we so read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that we may enter into life eternal, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

"A friend of mine has recently been collecting titles of modern English books of fiction, drama, and poetry, not written for religious purposes and, for the most part, the creations of authors who make no profession of the Christian faith, to see how many of these titles come from the Bible. Three years ago he had a list of 235. In the summer of 1941 his list had grown to 1,065, of which 254 were quotations or unquestioned adaptations from the words of Jesus."

Sholem Asche's dreary book, "The Nazarene" doubtless owed its popularity to its title: readers are keen for any fresh light upon Jesus. This book's one useful purpose was to show the difference between the crystal-clear and beautiful style of the King James Version and this

the Bible, which, on exposed heights, has withstood attacks from without and within. This is one wonder of the Book that merits deep thought. The world—this conceited, self-vaulting world of wonders—has not outgrown the Bible: it is scarcely catching up with it. This year of our Lord, 1942,—and because of the Holy Writ we call it the year of our Lord—is looking more deeply than ever before into the teachings of the Scripture, for a pattern of life in the new day that will follow the war. If and when the great revival comes, it will be based utterly upon what the Bible teaches.

There are several great springs in Bible Lands which have flowed ceaselessly since long before the beginnings of written history; like the one at the southern

In Earth's Deep Night

How many hearths are desolate this day,
How many altar shrines have lost their light,
How shall the little Christ-child find His way
In all the shadows of the earth's deep night?
Fear not, for where one humble heart is still
And reverently awaits its Heavenly Guest—
A Star shall blossom on a darkened hill
And Christmas come to that heart doubly blessed!

Theobel Wing Alleeson

Christmas Wishes

When I was but a little lad,
Who had no fear of life,
As Christmas came to thrill the world,
I used to want a knife,
A pair of skates, an Indian suit,
A hobby horse, a sled,
And books that I could take with me,
When I crawled into bed,
But, now that I have climbed the years,
Now winter heaps my hair
With snow as ghostly as the drifts
The hills and valleys wear,
As I pile oak logs on the grate
And watch the red flames rise,
Lo, I am asking for a heart,
That heeds my brother's cries!

When I became a man of dreams,
Who wandered near and far,
As Christmas leaned to bless the earth,
I used to want a star,
A magic carpet I could ride
Across the lands and seas,
And apples gleaming in the gloom
Of dim Hesperides.
But, now that I am gray and old,
Now I have walked with grief
And learned to understand the joy,
That passes all belief,
As I rest by the roaring blaze,
While cold winds harshly blow,
Lo, I am asking for a heart,
That shares my brother's woe!

Edgar Daniel Kramer

Song of Angels

Christmas dusk and Candlelight
Are lovely in this room,
Brightened by Christmas tinsel,
Where love and laughter bloom.

With Christmas dusk and one lone star
Above a quiet hill,
I seem to hear again the song
Of "peace on earth, good will."

Iris Jean Crawford

Tidings

The gentleness of Christ should be
Our Christmas message.
His kind forgiveness and quick healing
Our Christmas prayer.
His simple faith within our hearts
Our Christmas pathway
His love for all the nations
Our Christmas care.

Margarett Bradt Southmayd

One Star's Light

Christmas is Christmas still though there be warring
Between the lands, and dark may be the night.
Nothing can dim the everlasting meaning
Of one star's light.

Nothing at all can take away its glory!
To those who seek it, it will shine for them
As clear and steadfast as it shone that evening
On Bethlehem.

No army in the world can bar the pathway
To those whose spirits take the road that leads
To one small town where waits the infant Saviour
To meet their needs.

Oh, that the guns of earth might all be silenced;
Oh, that mankind might find their souls' release
In kneeling side by side tonight to worship
The Prince of Peace!

Grace Noll Crowell

The Little Lord

The Little Lord of Christmas Day
Was cradled in the fragrant hay
While all about the stable dim
Soft lowed the cattle, hushing him.

Oh all the country folks of earth
Proclaim this Lord of country birth.

The little Lord without a crown
Lived in a small and common town
With narrow street and humble door
And shavings curled upon the floor.

Oh all the folks of little towns
Hail Him and bring Him loving crowns.

The Little Lord by King's decree
On journey long was forced to flee,
A great road thronged by many a race
Who smiled to see His baby face.

Oh all earth's traveler's haste to Thee,
Thou little Lord of land and sea.

Emma Mau itz Larson

To Far Judea

It seems when Christmas comes to us again,
It would be wonderful to make it real,
Traveling far, in company with men
From eastern kingdoms... Would the Star reveal
The road that passes near his manger-bed?
We long to bring our incense, myrrh and gold
And look with wonder on his infant head
As he lies sleeping in the sheltered fold—
While shining angels sing of peace, good will
To all the earth, glad tidings everywhere;
The light of heaven clear on plain and hill,
Revealing kings and shepherds kneeling there—

Though centuries have passed from that far day
His glory lives and faith still leads the way.

Olivia Freeman



WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP MY
COUNTRY IN ITS FIGHT FOR LIFE?

EVERYBODY nowadays—everybody who's any good—keeps asking himself, "What can *I* do, right now, just as I am, to help my country in this fight for its life, which is also a fight for *my* life?" To their credit, those vital, active younger Americans—our high-school students—are putting this question to themselves with whole-hearted earnestness and deep feeling. Yet, though they are sincerely ready to make great sacrifices for the nation, they find that their youth, their not having much of any money of their own, their being occupied in classrooms for hours of every day, shut them out from many of the services now being given to our country by older citizens. Much of the Civilian Defense work is not for youngsters in school. Nurse's Aid Training and work is out of the question. They can't buy many War Bonds. Scrap collecting, to be fully effective, needs trucks and arrangements for heavy lifting. So it goes.

But there is one great, enormously useful Christmas present which all you high-school-age young people could make to our nation. In our modern times, high-school-age girls and boys are quite well-informed enough to understand straight talk. And if they fully grasped the situation—not at all hard to under-

CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO UNCLE SAM

An Open Letter For Students
In Our Public High Schools

By
Dorothy Canfield Fisher

stand—they could handle it with ease, and save an enormous amount of money, effort, and nervous tension now wasted. This is the difficulty: human beings in their teens are pulled violently in two directions by opposite phases of their development. More, even than most human beings. Yet everybody, yes, even gray-haired grandparents, are a mixture too, sometimes feeling much younger than at other times. But because adolescents are just between actual childhood and mature self-dependence and self-control, their swings between feeling younger and older carry them farther. Nobody notices it very much if a man of fifty-five sometimes feels and acts like a man of forty-five. He doesn't bother other people. He can get his work done about as well. But a boy of eighteen who happens to feel, for a while, like a kid of eight—as they often do—well, he makes a real nuisance of himself if his lapse into feeling younger than he is takes the form of little-boy-acting-foolish. Or he spoils many of his own chances for success if, instead of using his good, sixteen-year-old brains on his math problems, he suddenly feels a childish lack of interest in mental effort, and sags passive and inert in class. A second-grade child really is incapable of understanding the value to him of what he is learning in school. So his mother or his teacher, or both, must somehow temporarily make the subject as attractive to him as playing tag. Of course he can't—and doesn't—learn much in the second grade. But an adolescent human being has gray matter enough to have grasped the fact that he is going to have a very slim time indeed in his grown-up years if he doesn't actually know some of the subjects he has a chance to study in high school. Also the elemental fact that he won't know them if he doesn't learn them. Such simple facts are what he forgets in those occasional lapses into being much younger in mind and personality than he really is. And to forget that is dangerous for him, and for those around him.

Even when not dangerous, an eighteen-year-old acting like an eight-year-old, or a sixteen-year-old acting like a six-year-old, (yes, this happens at times; you youngsters have seen it happen) can waste the money raised by self-sacrificing community effort as disastrously as a corrupt city administration; can dishearten and discourage and take the life out of well-trained, well-qualified educators, who have given years to prepare themselves for teaching; can slam shut the door of educational opportunity which the citizens of your town, your state, your nation, work so hard to keep open. The point is that the sixteen-year-old and the eighteen-year-old are very close to becoming tax-paying citizens themselves. They are not six and eight years old.

Those of you brought up in the country will probably have seen a sick cow being doctored. But many of you live in the city, so to give you the picture I will need to describe what the process is: the medicine to be administered is put into a bottle with a long neck, several able-bodied neighbors are asked to come and help, the animal is tied up closely, the men close in on her, holding her head back and pointed up, the strongest and most experienced man stands on a box and, tipping the bottle up, inserts the long neck into the creature's mouth, thrusting it down the throat as far as it seems safe, or rather as far as he can manage. For of course all this maneuvering does not take place around an animal placidly quiet and motionless—quite the contrary. She fights with all her might against this effort to improve her health, thrashing around, tossing her head furiously, pulling back, flinging herself sideways, stepping on the neighbors' toes, trying her best to break away. The medicine seldom gets all poured down her throat. Some of it is always splashed over those taking part, and sometimes, unless the practitioners are extra skillful and strong, she manages to knock the bottle clean out of the hand of the man trying to help her get well, so that it is dashed down and broken to bits. But when they are lucky, the men trying to help her succeed in getting her to swallow a little of what she needs.

Transpose the central figure of this picture, and you will see a high-school-age boy or girl at moments when he or she feels skittishly, high-spiritedly younger than the years warrant, or mentally more childish. At such times what seems to be in the mind of the young American enjoying the privilege of education free, at the cost of his fellow-citizens, is "Teach me if you can!" He seems to feel that if the teacher is good-looking enough, and has enough personal magnetism, and enough drive and perseverance and patience, and can make every minute of every class-period interesting enough, and is always absolutely fair and never makes a single decision that might be considered unjust, and has personal prestige, and is always even-tempered and cheerful under no matter what conditions, has great physical endurance, never speaks sharply, and has prodigious ingenuity in steadily circumventing the efforts of students not to learn—well, he'll pay enough attention to what is being taught to get a passing mark.

You young people do not, of course, read educational magazines, but there is so much said by conscientious American

patriots about the "shortage of teachers" for our schools that you may have heard echoes of this anxiety. What people refer to of course is not any shortage of people who have enough information to teach. The shortage is of teachers qualified by special personal characteristics, long experience, great patience, enormous resourcefulness, enthusiasm, faith, hope and charity sufficient to get necessary information into the heads of young people who won't try to learn. It is a truism in the educational world that anybody who knows a subject can teach it to anyone who will really try to learn. There is no shortage of people who know enough about American history, algebra, geometry, English, French, shop work, what have you, to get over all necessary information on those subjects to such younger people as do not have to be coaxed, persuaded, threatened, entertained, policed, bribed, magnetized, charmed and forced into trying to learn. But of course there is a very limited supply of men and women endowed with the special ability to put on such a good show that the young people in their classes

will be entertained and amused enough to let the information taught actually slip down their throats. American young people could come patriotically to the rescue of one of the great basic institutions of their nation—our public school system—now in a life-and-death crisis, by the simple expedient of taking on their full active responsibility for learning.

My experience with young people of high school age is that they are just about as capable, intelligent, and conscientious Americans as anybody else—with the exception of their tendency (it is to my old eyes a delightful one) to relapse at moments into light-hearted childishness. They are quite smart enough to understand the simple rule-of-thumb which, if followed, would prevent such lapses from interfering with the educational opportunity paid for by



WINNING THE PEACE

Who wins the war, may lose the peace, unless

He plans, in faith, a better world to build,

Out of the wreckage which the earth has filled:

The staggering cost in blood and wealth, the stress

And strain of dislocated life, confess

The world's sad bankruptcy, when peace is killed

By tyranny, which seeks, by might, self-willed,

To rule the world, to curse and not to bless.

The blasted soil must once again be tilled;

In art and industry, in home and school,

In church and state, the world its weal must find;

In vast, creative, social science skilled,

Mankind must learn, by heart, Christ's "Golden Rule",

With cords of brotherhood, all nations bind.

—William Hiram Foulkes



tax-money poured out like water on our public schools. This rule-of-thumb is short and easily memorized: *work in working hours and play in play-times*. In fact this rule—all-sufficient—can be perfectly understood, as far as just understanding it goes, by school children in the primary grades. But, being still really children, they have to practice it a long time before they can apply it, just as, in swimming lessons they know how they should move their arms and legs several years before they have muscular self-control to do what they know. But high-school-age young people are half, or three-quarters grown: they not only know what a good swimming stroke is, but they have by practicing muscular control for fifteen or sixteen years learned how to manage their nerve centers and muscles so that they can put into execution what they know about swimming. They could, if they would, do the same thing about correctly timing comical jokes and cutting up; if they would step on their own intellectual starters, and leave behind them forever the "I'll learn if you can make me" attitude.

If you could, as you pass from one high school year to the next one, learn more and more competently to apply yourselves to work in working hours, and keep your lively fun or your fits of childishness for other times, you would make a contribution to American life which (Continued on page 59)



By Ralph W.
Sockman

herds hearing the heavenly host, the wise men seeing a star, the manger, and the dumb beasts looking on—these figures were as fresh and ever green as the Christmas tree which brightened our homes.

No doubt many of us wish that we could cast away the accumulated years, close our ears to the cares around us, bow our critical heads and enter the Christmas scene with our childhood emotions. How often we hear it said that it requires the presence of children to make a real Christmas. And to be sure, the day would serve a worthy purpose if it did nothing more than bring about a renewal of childhood memories and contacts. There is a slumbering spark of youth in us and blessed is the occasion which fans it into flame. In the Christmas number of a humorous magazine some years ago appeared the picture of a toy counter surrounded by staid but fascinated adults, and one distinguished elderly man was making some purchases of toys with the explanation, "I am buying these for my nieces and nephews whom I haven't seen for twenty years." Good it is to have a day like this when time

Christmas Sermon

"Bethlehem and Beyond"

IN A beautiful new church some years ago my attention was called to a "children's door." At the side of the main entrance to the sanctuary was a door cut to the scale of a child's size. The knob was placed low enough so that the little ones could turn it. Through such a children's door most of us, I venture to think, would like to enter the Christmas scene.

Christmas is the red letter day of

childhood. We who are grown remember the glow of our early Christmas experiences. Expectancy quickened our pulse for days in advance and even crept into our dreams. The mysterious bringer of gifts during the night before Christmas, the surprises and shouts of the glad morning—all these come back to us across the years. In that childhood atmosphere, the beautiful Bible stories seemed perfectly at home. The shep-

slips backward, and we enter through the children's door into the spirit of Christmas, when we translate the prose of everyday living whose most active verb is "to get" into the poetry of Christmas whose most active verb is "to give."

But are we content that Christmas should mean only this to us? Personally I am not. Therefore, while the children's door to Christmas is open and beckoning, let us go by way of the grown-ups. In the words reported of the ancient shepherds, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass." And let no one think that he has

to leave his intelligence behind when he goes to see the thing which came to pass at Bethlehem. We are not sitting down to hear a lovely fairy tale; we are going to behold first of all, the birthday of the world's most wonderful personality. The Christmas event is like the stars in this, that the more we know about it the more our wonder grows. The most wonderful thing about Christmas is the One who came.

Remember, it is the birthday of a real person. Some there are who seem to think that in the Christmas celebration, the church has merely taken over the pagan festival of the winter solstice, when, after the shortest day in the year, the light and warmth of the sun begin to return. To be sure, the pre-Christian world did have such a festival, and into our Christmas symbols have come some pagan elements. Our Yule log derives from the "jol" of Iceland, our fir tree comes from the Germany of pagan days, our mistletoe from Celtic Britain and our Saint Nicholas from Holland. But all these pagan elements are added proof of the magnetism of the personality born at Bethlehem. It is as if there had been lying around this distraught old world a lot of dreams and hopes begotten by men's longing for light and salvation; and then when Jesus came it was like a magnet let down to earth, drawing to itself the unrealized aspirations of the ages and races. The coming of Christ so warmed the hearts of men that they did link it with the festival of the winter solstice. The character of Christ is so perennially fresh in its appeal that it was natural to symbolize His birth by the fir tree which keeps green amid the snows of winter. Phillips Brooks saw clearly when he said of the little town of Bethlehem:

"Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

When we go up to Bethlehem we are in the presence of no solar myth, but of a historical personage. More honest scholarly study has been given to the life of Jesus than to any other single subject, except perhaps the physical universe itself; and as a result of that study Jesus has been established as a historical figure, born at Bethlehem, reared in a carpenter shop at Nazareth, preaching His gospel in Galilee, calling fishermen and other plain folk to be His disciples, healing the sick, making friends of publicans and sinners. He set his face to go up to Jerusalem where He was arrested, tried before Pontius Pilate, scourged and crucified—and then three days later we see Him turning His disciples from despair to triumphant confidence by the conviction that He was still a living force. Such is the brief biography of the historical personality born at Bethlehem.

But while He did wondrous things dur-

ing those brief thirty years, the still more wonderful fact is that He refuses to die. He is as persistent as lightning. "As the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Some think those words apply to a so-called second coming of Christ. Ah, Christ keep coming. He flashes like lightning in the storm and in the night-time of the soul. It was claimed for Napoleon Bonaparte that the sight of him sitting astride his white charger was worth many a battalion to the morale of his troops. And so with other great leaders of men; their presence was magnetic. But more than twelve hundred years after Jesus' death, Peter the Hermit churned Europe into a vast crusade to rescue from Moslem hands the burial place of Christ. What other leader of men can reach across the centuries and stir men to fight



SOLDIER BOY

O Soldier Boy, so strong, so tall, so fine,
Remember, lad, the heart you bear is mine;
Guard well its plighted troth,
Keep sweet its love and clean;
Let nothing harm, let nothing come between.

Keep honest eyes, keep laughter glad and free;
In all you do, take care, remember me;
Keep faith in God, my son,
And keep your manhood white,
And dare to stand, if need, alone—do right!

And when you come back home again some day,

I'll run and hold you to my heart and say:
"Thank God for you, my son,
My brave and noble lad,
For you have met the foe, and won—I'm glad!"
—Albert G. Stone



for his memory?

Does some one explain this continuance of Christ's power as due to the repeated cultivation of His memory by the church? The person who takes that explanation is faced with a more difficult puzzle, viz., how to account for the rise and continuance of the church. If the Christian church were merely a memorial society organized to perpetuate the memory of a noble Galilean, it would long since have ceased to function. The church which has survived all its contemporary organizations, like the Roman Empire, the church that has lived despite the mistakes and sins of its members, the church which has held together through the bitter controversies within, and the persecution from without—that church must have a dynamic power behind it and beyond it. It is not the church which has kept the memory of Christ alive; it is rather the power of the Christ which has kept the church alive.

When, therefore, we go "unto Bethle-

hem and see this thing which is come to pass," we behold first of all the birth of the world's most wonderful personality.

A second thing we find when we go up to Bethlehem. We see wisdom bowing before the Child born this day. Do not puzzle yourself unduly about the identity of the "wise men" in the Christmas story. They stand for something greater and deeper. They symbolize wisdom in search of a Saviour.

Wisdom and culture were well developed before Jesus was born. The ancient philosophers of India looked down upon the rest of the world with superiority. Athens had produced such teachers as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. In Egypt was the famed library of Alexandria, and the renowned scholar Euclid. But the wise were aware that learning alone could not save the world. Plato had said that "only by way of some divine disclosure coming into life from outside it, could men find the way of truth and freedom." Yes, wisdom was looking for a star of hope.

Then came Christ. Of His schooling we have no record. With a carpenter shop and a fatherless family on His hands, His contact with books and schools must have been slight. Yet when He emerged from his shop at the age of thirty, He began to speak words of such classic purity that grammarians still hold them as models. He expressed ideas which at first seemed almost childishly simple but, on second thought, revealed a limpid clarity which is the very essence of wisdom. He laid down principles of such far-reaching range and permanence that our Harvards and Yales can only verify them, not improve them. That a carpenter could fashion and phrase such thoughts is so amazing that we might quickly explain them as the creation of his biographers, were it not for the fact that those biographers were themselves unlearned and untraveled. Is it surprising that wise men bow in wonder before the mind of Jesus?

Yet the most distinctive thing about Jesus' mind is not the ripeness nor the rightness of his principles, but rather the purpose and power which He gives for putting them into practice. Other minds have been more encyclopedic; none have been so dynamic. Others may give us more information about what is going on; none give so much inspiration to keep us going on. Our technical and professional schools may teach us how to make enough to live on, but Jesus the Master teacher gives us something to live for and something to live by. We have to work to make a living, but we have to worship to make a life. And Jesus shows us how to make a life that is life indeed.

Culture cannot save us. It makes us interesting, but it does not make us good. Culture may only put a polish on our pagan motives. In cities which have been considered centers of culture, we have witnessed unspeakable cruelties of late.

(Continued on page 50)

Billy came to me in that dream and told me that I must take all those presents out of that trunk



By William L. Stidger

BACK in 1918 I was preaching in San Francisco. Every year of my ministry I had made it a custom to visit some institution where I could watch the magnificent panorama of Christmas pass to get the feel of Christmas as people have it who do not have homes in which to spend it; that year I visited the orphanage in Mill Valley. There I learned, as many another minister has learned, what Christmas really means.

I went early and spent the day in that orphanage. There was a lot of excitement. But it was not all over the fact that Christmas was the next day. It was mostly over the fact that red-headed Jimmie was coming home from the hospital. Jimmie was the favorite child at that orphanage. He had tuberculosis of the skin, as Oscar Wilde once had it. He had gone through fifteen operations in two years. Everybody loved him both at the orphanage and at the hospital, where he had spent almost as much time as he did at the orphanage.

The matron could talk of nothing but the news that Jimmie was coming home for Christmas. She showed me the presents that had been sent in by Methodist friends. For weeks bundles had been arriving daily. When they would open those bundles and a particularly choice toy, cap, gun or suit showed up, some child would say, "Give it to Jimmie! Give it to Jimmie!"

"That's the way we all feel about Jimmie," the matron told me with tears in her friendly motherly eyes.

"Even the collie dog loves him, because Jimmie is always doing something for him. He saves choice pieces of meat and food and takes them out to feed the collie. The minute Jimmie goes into the yard that dog starts to romp, bark, and yip with joy."

As we walked through the rooms she added: "Jimmie has had all those awful operations, but how they love him down at the hospital! He said just before the last operation: 'Doc, I'll not cry; I'll

stand anything if you'll only make me well. I've got so many things to do for the kids, the dog, and Mrs. Jones, and everybody. Just make me well and I don't care how much you hurt me!"

"The doctor says he wept that day and so did the nurse. They just couldn't help it. Jimmie was so brave and so kind, and always smiled—even when in intense pain after the operations. We all love him and whenever there is something choice to eat they all yell 'Give it to Jimmie! Give it to Jimmie!' just as they do when a choice present comes in some bundle for the orphanage. 'Give it to Jimmie!' That's almost our slogan."

"When is Jimmie coming home?" I asked, hoping that I might be there and see that homecoming.

"This afternoon at three o'clock," she replied, with a happy light in her eyes.

"I want to be here when he arrives,

a bundle, and that immortal Christmas cry rang out: "Give it to Jimmie! Give it to Jimmie!" And now that many years have passed, I have discovered no real reason to change my opinion about that. The thing that makes a Christmas real is a "Give it to Jimmie" attitude.

This is especially true at this war-time Christmas. If the mood of "Give it to Jimmie," can only mean that all of us are willing to make sacrifices to "Give it to our Jimmies" who are scattered around the world in our armies, air forces, Navy and Marines; if we have the spirit of "Give it to Jimmie" in our homes, among ourselves, and in our church, we shall have a gloriously happy Christmas in spite of the war.

That Christmas stands out above all other Christmases in my mind save one; and that too, strangely enough, was a "Give it to Jimmie" Christmas.

It was in San Francisco and in my little church, called Calvary, out in the sand dunes of the Sunset District, where I had a poor family of eight children; and

things, and left at once for San Diego to be with the father. Being a Navy family they were moved about all over the world, but they always carried Billy's playthings with them; they could not bear to part with them. She kept them in a special trunk and wherever they went she carried that little trunk along—to Manila, to South America one year; to Japan another; to Siberia another; then a winter at the Panama Canal. It had been five years since Billy's death and this year they were stationed in San Francisco.

All of this she told me as we sat in her home, and I was duly impressed but still wondering why she had called me to tell me that story. Then her face brightened a bit and a tear rolled down her cheeks.

"But I can't keep those presents any longer, for last night I had a strange dream, Dr. Stidger. Billy came to me in that dream and told me that I must take all of those presents out of that little trunk. In the dream Billy said to me: 'Mother, they do nobody any good in that trunk, and they make you feel sad every Christmas. I want you to take them out to some children who need them to have a merry Christmas.'"

Then Billy in that dream told his mother what to do with every present in that trunk; the toy wagon, the drum, the bugle, the ship, the train, the blocks, the tank and the policeman's hat. But it was the woolly dog that particularly interested him, for that had been his favorite toy, a little white woolly dog named Pershing. He wanted that, so he said in his dream, to go to "a little crippled boy."

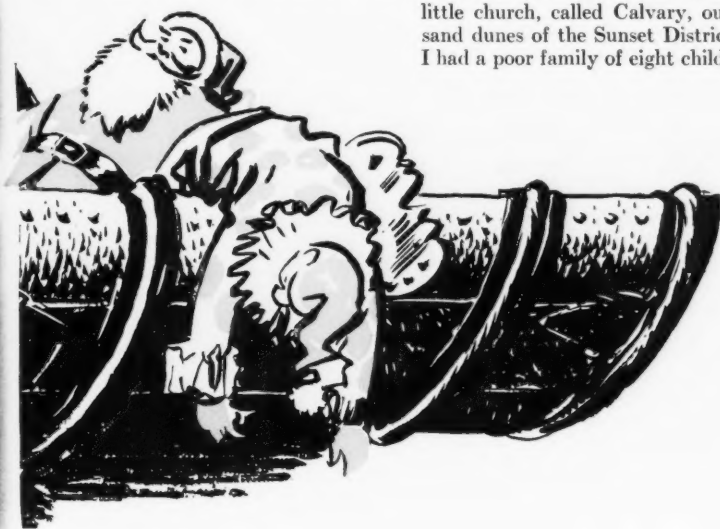
Then that mother turned to me and said: "I called you in to ask if you happen to know of any family in your parish in which there is a little crippled boy who will not have any Christmas this year. I want to make it a real Christmas for him—a real Christmas for—somebody—for Billy's sake!"

It didn't take me long to tell her about the Browns with their eight children and little Billy Brown the cripple, for that, by a strange coincidence, was his name.

We spent the entire afternoon unpacking Billy's toys—toys that mother had kept intact for five years, until she had had that dream. Each year at Christmas she had unpacked that trunk, wept over those toys and then had carefully repacked them again. So they were in good condition. There were enough for the entire Brown family.

Billy Brown had been in a plaster cast for years. The year before at Christmas he had had no presents at all. I happened to call on the family that year and Billy said to me the day after Christmas, "I've been strapped in this old cast so long that when Christmas came I was just hoping for a surprise. I never wanted a surprise so much in all my life. I just knew that one would come. And

(Continued on page 54)



when that 'Give it to Jimmie' gets out of that automobile."

Then it happened. I heard a commotion among the children; I heard a dog barking as if its joy knew no bounds. The matron also heard it, and we ran out into the yard. Sure enough, it was Jimmie coming home! The doctor loved him so much that he had brought him home in his own car. He lifted Jimmie out. That crowd of children and nurses were all out in the yard to welcome the little fellow. The collie dog was beside himself, yelping, jumping, running about over the return of his friend. It was a hilarious thing to watch. They laughed, yelled, wept, shouted. It was pandemonium. Jimmie grinned and his red hair shone in the California sun. They carried him into his room.

I came away from that experience confident that I had discovered the real secret of Christmas. The secret was in that phrase which all the children used when a choice present was unearthed in

it didn't look as if they were to have much of a Christmas unless I provided it for them, for the father had been out of work for four months. One boy was a cripple; he had been left deformed by infantile paralysis.

A week before Christmas I went to call on a new family which had moved into the neighborhood. They wanted me to call for a special reason and had sent for me. I wondered what that particular reason for calling would turn out to be. I went with eager curiosity.

I had hardly gotten seated in that home when the mother, who had asked me to call, began to tell me a strange story.

Her husband was an officer in the U.S. Navy. One winter they had been stationed in San Diego, California, and that mother and little Billy, as she called her boy, were in New York City visiting, when an epidemic of diphtheria broke out and Billy died. Billy's mother sold everything they owned but Billy's play-



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Wanted **A FEW GOOD PARENTS**

By Anna French Johnson

A WELL-KNOWN lecturer used to tell the story of a visit he once made to an old-time schoolmate whom he had not seen for years.

In the evening, as they sat before the fire in reminiscent mood, his friend turned to the Little Fairy of the home who was playing about, and timorously suggested: "Go and shut the door for Papa, dear. That's a good little girl." The good little girl pouted and balked and finally snapped, "I won't!" Whereupon the father hastily and apologetically whimpered; "Why, why, poor Papa—will Papa have to do it?" And poor Papa did.

The visitor was told that one evening there were in his audience a lady and her small son who discussed the incident on their way home. The mother saw her opportunity and grasped it. "Now son," she said seriously, "what do you think that little girl needed?" To her great surprise, the little philosopher ejaculated with immense scorn, "What she needed was a good Daddy!"

In the vernacular of that little boy, the crying need of this troubled old world today is for some first-class fathers and mothers. The bad child has had so much attention that the bad parent has been neglected.

Children are the kindest, most forgiving creatures with whom we have to deal when they are very young, covering all our faults with an ample mantle of love, blindness and forgetfulness, until parents have become spoiled; they do not get their just punishment.

Not long ago I boarded a train along toward evening, and sat down across the aisle from a young mother and her five-

year-old. They had been traveling since early morning, as I found later, but little Clyde was as cheerful as though they were just starting out, peering out of the window, crooning his childish songs, passing comments upon all that he saw, and asking questions about every new thing that appeared.

Of course he had to wriggle and twist and flop about once in a while. The mother sat with her feet on the seat in front of her, reading a magazine and chewing gum.

I listened—I couldn't help it. "Mamma, what makes 'em pile all those stones round the big poles out there?" No answer. "Mamma, what makes 'em do it?" No answer. The third time brought an impatient burst: "Oh, I don't know what they do it for—I wish't you'd keep still!" Silence. Then quaveringly, "Mamma—*what* makes 'em do it?" A snort; "Oh, I 'spose it's to hold 'em up!" Little Clyde eagerly grasped this crumb of information so grudgingly thrown at him. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh, it's to keep 'em from falling over!"

That mother did not display one spark of human, companionable interest in any subject that her child brought up. In fact, her part of the conversation reached this climax as I left them for the night: "You're the worst boy I ever saw! If you don't behave, that brakeman'll grab you the next time he comes through here, and carry you off. Yes, they do too carry off little boys—that's what they keep 'em for. Now *will* you sit still and be good?" Poor little Clyde's eyes were wide and troubled as he tried to make the best of a bad bargain, and he put up with his naughty mother without complaint.

It is no easy thing, as I understand from a four-fold experience, to be continually pocketing your own interests and pursuits and putting yourself in the child's place.

OF COURSE everything about a new little baby in the home completely absorbs the mother, the rest of the family and the most of the neighbors. But as soon as the babies get past babyhood, what queer things they begin to do! For instance, how they will show off before company! When it was too late, I learned that this aggravating behavior wasn't badness; it was only resentment at having mother's attention diverted from themselves, for at that time of life, their only skies are mother's eyes, and she is all their little world. The trouble is that we grown-ups have wandered so far from Heaven's gate that we do not understand children as we ought.

The deepest wrongs committed by the world are those against childhood. Surrounded by mysteries, these eager, earnest little souls grope along the pathway of discovery, asking for facts. Instead of being given the bread of knowledge (which is their right) they are more often handed a stone of adult wit, full of teasing, horse-play joking and misrepresentation; too many children are brought up on falsehoods.

Consider for a moment the preparation which we require of our day-school teachers, who have the pupil only six hours out of the twenty-four, and for but five days a week; altogether the child is in school less than half of the 365 days of the year, and that, too, after the child has nearly passed the age of real character-building. While the preparation of the mother, who has the molding of that soul when it is as wax to receive and marble to retain, has usually been as nothing.

Teachers are universal parents, the vicarious mothers of the world, who strive to shape the little malformed lumps of clay, committed to them from the average home, into images of beauty. In spite of the recent bombardments against educational blunders, the pillars of civilization rest, not only upon the home and church, but upon our schools and the teachers we employ.

The fair treatment of a child is an exact science which every man and woman, young or old, should learn. No matter what the relationship, one comes in contact with children at every turn of life; at home, at school, in stores, tramping into Sunday School, swarming unguarded into the movies, dashing perilously in front of one's automobile—and we are their grandparents, their aunts, uncles, cousins, big brothers and sisters, as well as mere fathers and mothers.

What do we really know about them? If we could only realize what a blurred confusion this world is to the little human sponge

who is absorbing impressions from everything he sees, investigating everything that he can reach and touch, learning how to use his little body and thus "getting into mischief every waking minute!" His mother calls it that, but in reality he is only preparing himself to live.

Constant repression by one of those mothers who inserts the paralyzing plug "Don't!" into every outlet of a child's nervous force, with no constructive "Do's" for safety valves, invites an explosion. It has been truthfully said that a "don'ting" mother makes a "won'ting" child.

We start out with a full crop of tendencies toward both good and evil, and early training decides which will win in the race. Punishment, as far as possible, should be the natural consequence of an act. Depriving a child of some joy or treasure will make a far more lasting impression than any amount of nagging, as Bobby's mother demonstrated by her own confession: "I don't see why his table manners are so awful. I'm after him *all* the time!"

If only people would stop prating and generalizing to a child about "being good!" He does not know what is meant by that, and neither do we. What is the standard of good for a little child? The *motive* is what makes an action good or bad at that time of life when the child has no reason or judgment. These functions of the mind are based upon past experience, and the child hasn't any past experience.

Little Tommy, freshly dressed for kindergarten, exclaimed to his mother as she hurried out to the front porch with his clean handkerchief, "Oh, Mamma, I've swept all the mud and wet off the steps—just see how clean I got 'em!" and waved his little broom enthusiastically.

"Why, you naughty child!" shrieked the mother: "Can't you be out of my sight for one minute without getting yourself dirty? Will you just look at that clean white suit I just got through ironing!" "But, Mamma; see the steps! Don't you think I'm a good boy?" wailed the little victim as he was dragged into the house by one arm.

Who was good and who was bad? That mother was merely inconvenienced—wasn't she?

Of course children must be taught to obey, or life becomes bedlam, which it is in many a home that looks very peaceful from the outside. If a child is lawless and unruly, it is the parents' fault, for he can be taught to do anything if we parents begin in time and have plenty of patience and self-control. It was the cynic, Bernard Shaw, who said: "It is not possible to live with children, any more than with grown people, without imposing rules of conduct upon them." The crux of the matter rests upon the one word which defines the difference between a mob and an army—obedience.

How shall we make children mind? There are too many children running around the world today, despite modern psychologists, fairly spoiling for the method of the old mountaineer woman who testified that she had "brung up nine, with nary a black sheep among 'em, mainly by the use of prayer 'en hickory." You can put it down that she had never read a book on child-training, especially one written since the World War.

It doesn't hurt a child to be brought up "by hand," as it were, if we commence and stop it in time. Do all that is necessary when they are very small and when they are big they will not need it.

IN PIONEER days, when the country was rough and life was hard, there was no question of the godliness of the fathers nor the faith of the mothers. Today the gospel which children are most likely to see father reading is the Stock Report in the morning paper. And the high-idealed, patient mother seems to have been lost in the high-heeled, pleasure-chasing mother who is apparently making recreation the end and aim of her existence.

The testing time for parents comes when youthful eyes and minds grow out of the merciful haze of childhood and pierce the moral camouflage of their elders. Is there any scorn more scathing than that of a keen boy or girl for a weak, unworthy parent?

(Continued on page 53)



The Charity Committee, cold as Greenland, brings a turkey to the Cabbage Patch. Mrs. Wiggs (played by Fay Bainter) accepts it with a mother's instinctive misgivings—which prove to be right



The boys buy a horse and name her America—and she nearly dies before they get her home



The young doctor brings a touch of idealism to medicine and to the grim Cabbage Patch. His romance will touch your heart; his gallantry toward Mrs. Wiggs will break it. Here he tells Mrs. Wiggs that the Charity Committee will take her children

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

By Norman Vincent Peale

I liked the unconquerable Mrs. Wiggs in the book, and I like her even more on the screen. I like her here because she lacks completely the Smart-Aleck sophistication of this crazy age. And I have a feeling that the public, having lost much of that sophistication in the vale of tears of this hour, will like the lady of the cabbage patch quite as much as I do.

I wouldn't say this is a great picture; it is "B," but still worth your time. There are some old vaudeville gags tacked onto the scenario which I wish they'd left out, and there are one or two remarks that may offend the ultra-ultra conservative, but on the whole it is done in *Christian Herald* language and spirit. You can't have everything, even in the movies!

I hate to spend my money on a movie the outcome of which worries me all the way home. Inasmuch as so many things in life do not turn out well, it helps a fellow to watch a lady like Mrs. Wiggs put up the sort of fight he'd like to be putting up—and coming out on top. She spends most of her time on this screen fighting back the wolf from her door; any sensible, ordinary wolf would have given up in disgust and gone home, but this is no ordinary wolf. This is poverty—stark, real, cruel. Yet she beats it. There is a sentimentality about her and her fight, but maybe we could do with a little more sentimentality in America. I have a feeling deep within me that most of us are sentimental, in a kindly sort of way, whatever mask we wear.

Your children will like it; young people will like it; fathers who have some interest in their children as well as in business and bridge tables will like it, and I can't imagine a mother who will not like it. You will be a kindlier human being when you push out into the street after this show.

Hugh Herbert, an ex-matrimonial agent who gets into deep matrimonial difficulties himself, offers his usual brand of clean-cut comedy to the antics and aches of the Wiggs children. Here he does his pre-wedding shopping—with plenty of help



ONE OF THE FOUR FREEDOMS,
PINNED ON GOD'S BOWERY
CHRISTMAS TREE, MAKES ALL
THE DIFFERENCE OF NIGHT AND
DAY TO THE MEN WHO DWELL
IN BOWERY DARKNESS



GOD'S CHRISTMAS TREE



By HOWARD RUSHMORE

FOR hundreds of thousands of young Americans, Christmas this year will be a lonely one. Last December they knew the soft fall of snow in Minnesota, the cold, clean air of the Missouri hills, the chill in the sunshine of Tennessee. Around them, within arm's reach, within telephone call, were their parents, their wives, their friends. There was peace on earth then in their parlor around the Christmas time and good will toward men, although in the distance Mars rumbled his ominous warning. Now they have answered that warning and from the Coral Sea to Iceland the men of good will have taken arms against the defiler of the Prince of Peace. On His birthday they are far away from home, in lands of strange contours and seas of foreign swells. When they open that package from home and read the messages of love and hope, they will remember that last Christmas and vow that there shall be others like it when there is peace on earth again.

In these men and youths, America has staked her destiny. We have been generous to them, for they are our own. Never in history has John Q. Citizen dug so far down in a never-too-filled pocket to answer their needs. Without them the Four Freedoms will never be realized.

"Yet I wonder if freedom from want

is thought of as part of our struggle on the home front," the Rev. George L. Bolton, superintendent at Bowery Mission, interrupts. His alert blue eyes stare thoughtfully at the gray sky beyond the Mission's window. There is a trace of snow drifting down and the wind howls its cold monotone above the rumble of traffic. "Want means not only lack of guns and munitions and planes these days; it still is translated by too many homeless, hungry Americans as a word meaning fear and seemingly perpetual loneliness. They aren't getting Christmas packages; they feel they are forgotten, unwanted men for whom the Four Freedoms stand as meaningless slogans."

Mr. Bolton gets up. "Let me show you what I mean." As the visitor descends the scrubbed steps of the Mission, the sturdy minister adds with a trace of a smile: "Don't mistake my meaning. I'm not unmindful that our first thoughts should be for the needs of our armed forces. After all, I was a kid of seventeen in the King's Liverpool regiment in the first war, when I had a lonesome Christmas away from home. Believe me, those packages and messages meant a great deal. But in our sacrifices, let us not forget men like these."

We are in the long, immaculate dining hall of the Mission and facing a line of

ragged men eating silently, their eyes on their food. You get the impression of several hundred eyes shifting in your direction, then lowering suddenly as if in shame.

Mr. Bolton nods a friendly greeting to some of them. Turning, his jaw set on a firm line, he says quietly: "More than 200 who still do not have freedom from want. We have that many every night. Often more."

"For half a century this Mission has been a rescue station here in New York City's Bowery, the street of sick souls and disillusioned men. Boom times or depression, they still come."

Out of the dining room, across the spotless kitchen, into the warm sleeping rooms we go, watching, thinking as Mr. Bolton talks on. "We had 82,000 men here last year. Men who came to the city to flee trouble; men who left families and homes because of drink, men who were victims of the curse of gambling and drifted like the others into the Bowery."

He pauses at the rear of the Mission's chapel, facing its simple altar. "Many of those men found themselves here. Last week I gave the invitation and one of the men who answered is now back at home. Here's a letter he sent me." Mr. Bolton shows the letter, written in a cultured, educated (*Continued on page 56*)

Eighth of a series on
THE MOST UNUSUAL LAYMAN
OF MY MINISTRY



I WAS YOUNG AND HAD AN UNUSUAL WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS

MAX

By J. W. G. WARD

HE WAS not a man of commanding presence, yet he was undoubtedly one of the most striking men we have met. Of average height, somewhat pale as a result of frequent ill-health, there was, nevertheless, a certain definite magnetism about him indicating inner resources of power. That is why we regard Max Richards as one of the most unusual and influential laymen we ever knew. For reasons that will be obvious as we proceed, that was not his real name. But that is the only thing about him that was not genuine. And as years passed, our knowledge of him increasing, our admiration deepened as our wonder grew. In that, as will be seen, he was different from other people. The better we know some folk, the less we like them. The more we knew of Max, the greater our feeling of regard which almost amounted to reverence.

We first met him in the way of business. Then one day, without warning, he suddenly opened his heart.

"It must be great to be a preacher," he said.

"It is," we replied, "but just what do you mean by that?"

He smiled quizzically. Then he said, "Because I like to preach myself sometimes. Business is all right, but there is something about being able to stand before one's fellowmen and tell them what one knows about God's mercy and grace."

He stopped. Then he remarked, "You look puzzled. Don't you think a layman has the right to speak of what God has

done for him? Of course you do. But perhaps if I told you just what lies behind this outburst of mine, you would understand better.

"I am an illegitimate son. I was brought up by people who I knew were not my parents. They half-starved me. They ill-treated me. I am blind in one eye because of their brutality. But at fourteen all that ended. I ran away, and determined to earn my own living. Whatever might happen, nothing could be worse than what I had already endured. So I made the venture. How I managed to live through those years is another of God's mercies. But somehow I did.

"I was past twenty when I found out for the first time the truth about myself and who my father was. He was then a wealthy and respected citizen. He had inherited a large estate, and the follies of his youth were long buried. My half-brother, I discovered, had been kicked out of the army for gambling, drunkenness, and other conduct unbecoming an officer. My mother had been cast off, and she had ended her tragic griefs, a suicide in the dark river. As I look back on it, it was all futile and perhaps unworthy. Yet when I came into possession of these facts, I resolved to visit my father and tell him what I thought of him. I did. He wanted to make some amends by giving me money. I was young and had what might seem to many an odd way of looking at things. But I felt such money was accursed. I would not touch a cent of it.

"During the years following, I some-

times felt like giving up. I was fighting a hopeless battle. Life seemed so unjust. There was my father, honored, respected, a leading figure in the community, and my mother. . . myself. . . ? Only one thing kept me from following my mother to that river. You ask what that was, I can tell you in a sentence. It was 'the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

We looked at him in silence. Words seemed almost profane. But he knew what was running through our minds.

"Now you understand," he said. "Do you wonder that sometimes I love to preach, that I want to tell people what Christ can be to the human soul, that I simply must pass on the good news that has meant so much to me?" Then he added, "Naturally, I do not say anything about my own personal experiences or the tragedy which hovered over my early days. Yet behind all I say, there is always that conviction that I know what I am talking about. I just know what Christ can be to people, because I know what He did for me, and what He has been to me all through the years. I could not have gone on without Him. I certainly would not be where I am today in business without His blessing."

Well, that was Max. When he worshipped with us, he would be among our most attentive as well as challenging hearers. No preacher could utter half-truths or indulge in generalities with those searching eyes looking up from the pew. No man could offer his fellow-sinners "Vacant chaff well meant for grain" when such a soul, with its bitter experience of heart-hunger, sat there weighing every word. He has now gone to his reward, but because his family might possibly stumble on our tribute to one whom we honored, we have veiled his identity to avoid any embarrassment. Lest we be misunderstood, however, let us make it plain that matters did not just happen. He had contrived later, with the help of some friends, to obtain a sound college education. He had risen steadily in business until he stood at the head of his department. Perhaps he overstrained his never very robust health by working at his desk all week, and then giving up many of his Sundays to the task he loved. Be that as it may, perhaps it is better after all to burn out one's life for Christ rather than rust out in placid self-complacency and ease. It is the quality not the number of years that really counts both for time and eternity. The longest life recorded in the Scriptures was that of Methuselah. But that life has been facetiously described as

(Continued on page 53)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

DECEMBER, 1942

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1

WAITING FOR AN INSPIRATION
"NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."
READ II CORINTHIANS 6:1-10.

A MAN went out with his axe to fell a tree. But a friend found him, the axe on the ground, and the man gazing at the tree. "What are you waiting for?" asked the friend. "Oh, I'm going to cut down this big fellow, but I'm waiting to get warmed up first." Of course, that does not make sense. Neither do the delays and excuses which we indulge. There will never be a more opportune time to start again to do God's will, to give Christ His rightful place in the soul, to let His glory be our supreme concern. Start now.

Grant unto us that appropriating grace by which we may follow the impulse of Thy Spirit, and obey Thy will. Through Jesus, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2

THE MAGNETISM OF THE CRUCIFIED
"I WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME."
READ JOHN 12:23-33.

THOSE who know say that a comet may move on its orbit around our sun, and then proceed, never to return to our system. Yet there are others that feel the pull of a great planet, like Jupiter, and so become part of our solar system. That is stating it in simple words. The same thing is true of those who feel the exalted power of the living Christ. They are so drawn to Him that, as they feel He gave His life for them, they give their lives to Him.

Draw us, O Saviour, from our sins, our selfish ways, our unworthy desires. By Thy mighty power, through our consent, hold us to Thyself. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3

COUNTING THE COST
"WHICH OF YOU SITTETH NOT DOWN FIRST?"
READ LUKE 14:26-35.

EVERYTHING has its price. The point is whether what we are seeking is

worth what it costs. Lowell says, "Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us . . . At the devil's booth are all things sold; each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold. For a cap and bells our lives we pay. Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking: 'Tis heaven alone that is given away; 'tis only God may be had for the asking." So many people are forfeiting the true riches for dross, sacrificing God's approval for that of the world. What of us? Do we seek the true riches or the dross?

Touch our eyes that we may see life's true values. Give us that wisdom that only the best may be our desire. For Christ's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4

ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION
"WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD. . ."
READ HEBREWS 9:18-28.

THE devotion of our medical men is proverbial. Here is a striking instance. A celebrated surgeon of Massachusetts, attending a policeman's child, found that the only way to save the child's life was an immediate transfusion. No blood of the required type was available, but his own happened to be right. He at once gave a pint of blood. The little life was saved. Do you recall One who gave His service, His love, and sympathy? But they alone could not redeem. That is why He shed His blood and gave His life.

O Christ, why can we live without adoring Thee, and without giving our best to Thee? Fill our hearts with renewed gratitude today. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5

THE ETERNAL STARS SHINE OUT
"WHY ART THOU DISQUIETED?"
READ PSALM 43.

SOMETIMES the way is shadowed, because the sky is dark above us. Yet, as a gifted writer has said, "Gloomy days cannot continue long. Sunshine will return. Shadows are sent that we may more fully enjoy the light of the sun. When troubles and discouragement

overtake us, we should be thankful for our pleasant experiences of the past, and for our expectations of the future. 'The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.'" And the confidence of the Christian is that nothing can blot out the light of Christ's presence.

Whatever be the experiences through which we are called to pass, O Lord, help us to remember that Thou dost accompany us. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6

LET YOURSELF GO
"FIRST GAVE THEIR OWN SELVES TO THE LORD."
READ II CORINTHIANS 8:1-9.

WE ARE held, in our Christian witness and service, by some strange restraint. We can talk about anything under the sun—except our faith. We can show our enthusiasm for all manner of matters—except for Christ's cause. It cannot be ingratitude. It cannot be that we are cowardly. Then what is it? We are not suggesting that it is wise to chatter about the deep things of the soul on every occasion. We might, however, with all the sincerity in the world, break the reserve that holds us, and let our enthusiastic love find expression.

Help us to speak a word in season, as opportunity may be ours. Enable us to be proud of our faith. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7

A WORD FOR THE TIMES
"EVERY MAN SHALL BEAR HIS OWN BURDEN."
READ GALATIANS 6:1-10.

THE advice of B. C. Forbes to his sons, might also be addressed to ours—and to ourselves. "Don't let any professor convince you that the world owes you a living. Get it firmly into your head that it is up to you to fit yourself to earn a living, and that you will encounter plenty of competition.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

Don't hesitate to sacrifice in the fore part of your life if you hope to fare well in the later part of your life." That applies also to spiritual welfare. We have our place to fill. Prove equal to it.

O Father, who hast Thine own plan for every life, give us the filial spirit to learn, to cooperate, to strive. For Christ's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8

THE PATH OF THY FEET

"PONDER WELL THE PATH."

READ PROVERBS 4:20-27.

A TRAVELER in Central Africa was following a trail through the jungle. Suddenly the youth who was acting as guide, called to him, "Look out for the hole." He indicated that the traveler should turn off the beaten track. There was no hole in sight, so he took no notice. Suddenly the youth leaped on him, and threw him aside. Naturally angry, the traveler demanded the reason. The guide brushed away some branches and leaves. There was a pit, with spear-points upreared, meant for the unwary foeman. Life needs the guardianship of Christ.

O Saviour, who hast promised Thy help to all who turn to Thee, guide and keep us today. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9

EVERYTHING HAPPENS

"IN DEATHS OFT."

READ II CORINTHIANS 11:23-30.

WE SOMETIMES hear the self-pitying say, "Everything happens to me." What would they have to say had they to endure what Paul faced? What would they feel if their homes had been devastated, and their belongings taken from them, as so many in Europe and China, in the Philippines and other parts of the world? The bare truth is, we have much for which to be thankful. Complaining is a reflection upon our Father's care. Although man has wrought misery and suffering upon the race, there are the unfailing mercies of God if we but look.

Save us, O God, from self-pity and querulousness which blind us to Thy love. Make us brave to bear and strong to serve. Through Christ, Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10

THE PROVIDENCE THAT CONTROLS

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER."

READ ROMANS 8:22-28.

GOD'S hand works unfailingly for the trustful. Christine G. Curless says,

"Perhaps I am not wise enough to know why happiness is always mixed with pain; why sun is blotted out by clouds and rain, and then appears again; but it is so. . . . But I have learned: he has not lived but half who has not tasted joy that follows grief; who has not known the pleasure of a laugh that follows tears. But, oh, what sweet relief is mine, when skies are clouded, just to know another day may bring a sunset's glow." With such confidence in God, the heart can be courageous and serene.

Bring us nearer to Thee, O God, that our souls may be assured of Thine unwavering goodness. By Christ Jesus, Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11

FAULTY VISION

"I SEE MEN AS TREES."

READ MARK 8:22-26.

A PHILADELPHIA surgeon succeeded in giving sight to a young fellow born blind. The newspapers recorded the patient's impressions. For the first time, he saw the beauty of the world, but better still, he saw human faces. The man whom Christ healed saw, at first, men as trees. What do we see with the eyes of faith? For-eigners, aliens, just other people—or our brethren in Christ? Do we see in them souls whom Christ died to save? Then we shall do all we can to enrich, gladden and bless every soul crossing our crowded ways of life.

O divine Saviour, touch our eyes, weary with trial or blinded by self. Then shall Thy love animate our souls. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12

FROM BAD TO WORSE?

"EVIL MEN . . . SHALL WAX WORSE AND WORSE."

READ II TIMOTHY 3:10-17.

CONDITIONS in the modern world give plenty of cause for concern. But though evil men may work their wicked ways, let us not think that means that God is frustrated. Take this description of things: "The earth is degenerating in these latter days. There are signs that the world is speedily coming to an end. Bribery and corruption abound. Children no longer obey their parents. . . . The end of the world is near." That is from an Assyrian tablet, dating about B.C. 3800. So be of good courage! Christ's kingdom shall come.

Steady and strengthen us, dear Lord, amid these trying times. Give us that faith which maketh wise. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13

THE CANCELLED DEBT

"I FORGAVE THEE ALL THAT DEBT."

READ MATTHEW 18:23-35.

IN SPITE of the callousness of the world, there is an amazing amount of genuine sympathy and true service. We were looking at a hospital bill. It amounted to \$296.00 for one week's services. They included special nurses, laboratory work, operative surgery, and eight blood transfusions. The patient was the wife of a working man, who was earning just \$24.00 per week. How long would it take to recoup the hospital at that rate, after living expenses had been first met? The bill was cancelled. What of that debt which Divine love has remitted through Christ?

Blessed Lord, we can never repay Thee for Thy sacrifice, and Thy forgiveness. Move us at least to recognize and appreciate them through faith. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14

UP AND DOING

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

READ EPHESIANS 5:7-14.

WE MAY complain about having to go forth every day to our accustomed duties, but what a blessing lies concealed in them. Life without an aim is the way to boredom. "Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker-worm of felicity. To him that has no employment, life in a little while will have no novelty; and when novelty is laid in the grave, comfort will soon follow." So make every day yield its satisfaction and delight by some worthwhile task worthily done.

For the talents with which Thou hast entrusted us, Thou wilt hold us accountable. Help us to be faithful, by Christ Jesus, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

"HAPPY ARE YE IF. . ."

READ JOB 13:12-20.

THE world is always seeking for what it cannot find—happiness. A leading psychologist examined several hundred people, to ascertain if they were happy, and if so why. He found some who were. Oddly enough, some were poor; others rich. Some were uneducated; others cultured. Some had failed to climb; others had achieved success. The exact reverse was found in a number of similar cases, where the circumstances paralleled the first class. They were unhappy. The secret? Believe it or not, it was the believing, and no

(Continued on page 66)

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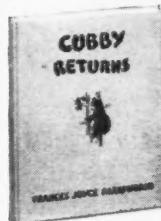
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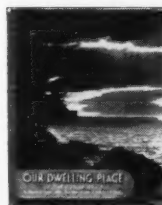
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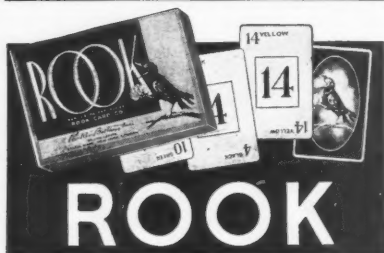
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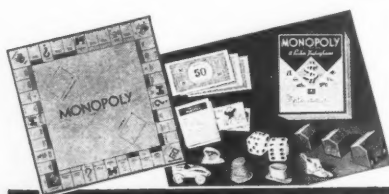
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(Continued from page 17)

"I have wandered far since that night, and studied deeply and gained much knowledge, but I have not known peace again."

"I have ruled a kingdom, but I never knew peace again."

The eyes of Ka-Spar, a little man, were sad as falling leaves. "I have gathered great riches, but I have never again known peace."

The long dark room was suddenly filled with a thousand men, crowding round the three. "Santa Claus! Santa Claus in person!"

"No. It is three Santa Clauses! St. Nicholas in triplicate, whiskers and all!"

"You must be Russian swine! Nobody hides his dirty face in the bushes like that except in Russia."

"Who are you, strange young man?"

"We five are Nazi Storm Troopers. These cattle are Russians. They are prisoners. We are guarding them."

"What is that in your hand?"

"Why, that's a gun, of course, you old fool. What else would it be?"

"What is a gun?"

Derisive laughter clattered against the low roof.

dance on the horizon. "It was a winter night like this," great Melchior went on. "I had been told in a dream to follow a star. I followed it for days and nights and weeks and weary moons. It shone at last on a stable. And in the stable I found a Child in a manger, with his mother beside him. And the Child was all Light, and I bowed down and worshipped Him."

"You're a fake!" growled one of the prisoners. "A rotten fake! I know that story. My mother used to tell it to me."

"Yes," whispered a guard to his neighbor, "my mother told me that story too. At the foot of the Christmas tree."

"Nothing ever was like Christmas at home," the other guard whispered, "the tree with the white candles flickering, the smell of the pine needles, the presents, the *Honigkuchen*, the songs, the beautiful songs, *Stille Nacht*, . . . *O Tannenbaum*. . . The transparency of the Christ-child, the tender thoughts for one another, the loving and the giving. Will there ever be Christmas again?"

"My mother told me all about the Christ-child!" said one of the prisoners.

"I saw the Christ-child," said big Melchior.

"And I!" said Ka-Spar.

"And I!" murmured Balthasar.

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"What is a gun? That's a question! A gun is power. A gun is a king."

"A king?" said lean old Balthasar. "I was a king once."

"You were a king, you were! Tell that to the rats!"

"I'll tell you what a gun is," cried another of the guards. "A gun is God."

The old men shook their heads. "A gun is not God," said big Melchior, with quiet grandeur. "God alone is God."

Once more, the derisive laughter beat like bats against the low rafters.

"There is just one thing in this place we all agree on, we Nazis who are to rule the world, and these swine who are to be our slaves. God is a myth, an impertinence, a bad joke, a fifth wheel, a fifth column invented by the Devil to undermine national morale."

Huge old Melchior lifted his face suddenly, and the derision died. "I saw God once," he said.

Whistles and cat-calls answered him. The guards snorted and one of them made a lunge for the old man and swept a cat-o'-nine tails sharply across his face.

"Nevertheless," said Melchior with composure, "I did see Him."

The room was suddenly still, as still as the northern plains when the green fires

"Jewish propaganda!" shouted the guard with the whip. "Filthy, Jewish mythology! Beat them and throw them out!"

"There were angels singing," went on the old man, as though the guard were on another planet, "singing *Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth to men of good will*."

"Did the angels say *peace*?" asked one of the prisoners.

"You'll get all the peace you want," the guard retorted, reaching again for his whip. "Peace is for swine like you, and you shall root in it! Peace is for those who can't take it. Strong men want no peace!"

"I am strong," cried the guard whose mother had told him the story of the magi, "I can take it, and I want peace. I want it as I never wanted anything in my life, not food, or drink, or fire, or money. I want it above me and below me, around me, and inside of me. Most of all, inside of me."

"And I!" cried another guard.

"Peace!" cried one of the prisoners. And "Peace!" cried a hundred, five hundred, until all the air was sibilant and aflame with the word.

"I want peace!" a prisoner called hun-

grily. Another took up the cry, "I too want peace!" And a thousand echoed, "And I! And I!"

"Tell us, old men, how can we find peace?"

"Peace," said old Melchior softly, "is where the Child is, and where the Child is not, there is no peace."

"Where the Child is," murmured Balthasar, "there is peace."

"Where the Child is not," whispered the little fat man as though from far away, "there is no peace."

"Who is the Child?" asked the guard with gray lips and feverish eyes.

The big man was staring into the darkness. "The Child," he said softly, "is the straight look in the eyes of men, the straight words on their lips, the straight thoughts in their hearts."

"The Child," murmured Balthasar the lean, "is the love each has for another and for all others, love that is patience and forbearance, and sternness, too; love that is fellowship, which makes dead stones bear fruit and makes three men a host."

"The Child," said the little man, with his pale little eyes burning, "is the hunger for life that creates life. The Child is itself that life, and men die to achieve it, throwing away a lifetime for it in one glowing moment, or laying aside, one after another, through slow years, the shells of life that are not life, in order to find that which forever makes, forever builds, forever grows into new and higher forms."

The dark room was no longer dark, the dead faces were no longer dead, as the three old men chanted:

"The Child is power, transforming weakness into strength, defeat into victory, death into resurrection."

"The Child is law—the sower reaps, the killer kills himself, the golden calf shrivels and is dust in the nostrils, he who subdues the wolf in the heart inherits the earth."

"The Child in the end, as in the beginning, is love, that is free and gives freedom, freedom to crawl or to soar, to build or to destroy, to live or to die, but, above all, freedom to choose between darkness and light, and, choosing, to grow."

Guards and prisoners were one now, a single mass of white-faced men with eyes that glowed and hands that reached out darkly for hands to clasp.

The guard with the whip threw it from him as though it burned. "How shall I find Him?"

"How shall we find Him?" echoed a thousand voices.

"Come with us," said big Melchior. "Perhaps there will be a star again."

"There is always a Star," lean Balthasar declared, "if you really want it."

"And there is always the manger," murmured the little fat man.

"A star, a manger, a Child."

Somebody laughed, and suddenly everybody was laughing, not in derision now but in exultation, relaxing after unbearable tension, laughing the free laughter of the morning wind in the apple-trees and the evening wind on the quiet sea, the laughter of boys and girls, tumbling in the hay, the laughter of lovers, discovering new beauties each in the other.

"Come, children, said the big old man, "let us set forth. It is the hour of stars."

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The new issue for January-February-March is now ready for distribution. Sent on consignment in lots of 10 or more at 5 cents each, unused and unsold copies may be returned at our expense. Special Christmas envelopes for mailing individual copies, \$1.00 per 100. Special envelopes for mailing copies to men in service, \$1.00 per 100.

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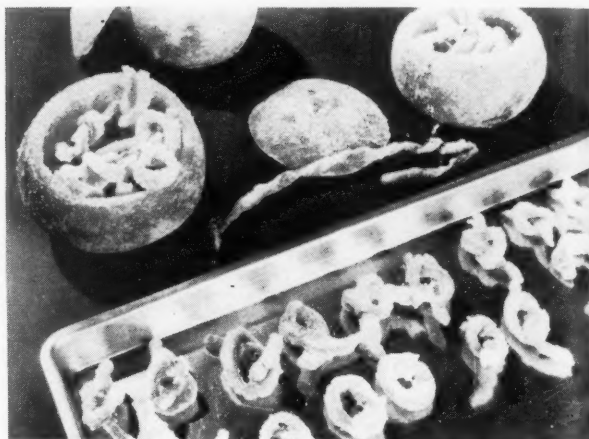
The sweet shop draws the children as clover draws the honey bees



The Jelly Shop presents conserves and pickles of more than 100 kinds and every one homemade

Christmas Bazaar ... with Success

It is a whale of a success, that Christmas bazaar given each winter now for five years by the women of St. George's Church in New York City. Here's success with more slants and angles than a prism. . . .



Christmas gifts to eat wrapping and all! Candied grapefruit shells carry candied orange and grapefruit peels. Each strip is tied in a lover's knot

FINANCIAL returns run into big money. The spirit of friendliness and cooperation between workers has grown beyond measure. The personal satisfaction, the women declare, outweighs the aching back, the tired feet, the nervous headaches.

Each year the bazaar takes a slightly different form but the purpose remains the same, to raise money to keep in repair the enormous Parish House given to the church in 1887 by J. P. Morgan, Senior, a memorial to his wife's parents. The building is in constant use as a recreation center, a lecture hall, a general meeting place. About 365 meetings are held there a month. Constant use means need for constant repair and the annual bazaar pays the bills. Hand and brains and 300 dollars paid for the bazaar last year. Over \$2,000 was taken in cash, and that means \$1,700 was the profit. The bazaar lasted two days and into the evening until eleven o'clock. Too late, the women warn. They were simply ex-

hausted. This year closing will be early, at ten o'clock or before.

Bazaar plans for this winter will center around old-fashioned Christmas. New Yorkers homesick for some little country town and the Christmas setting will find a heart load of cheer at the St. George Parish House fair.

But it's last year's bazaar we would tell you about. The setting was a New England mountain village, a theme used three times in five years with variations, and it may be used again. A zigzag Main Street was flanked by rows of green and red booths fronted with crisscross paper squares to simulate the many paned windows of New England's village stores. Every kind of store—button shop, 'kerchief shop, print shop, cake shop, craft shop—fourteen booths on the main drag.

Every cookie and candy, every jar of jelly and jam was homemade and donated. Prices were reasonable. Homemade mince pies in deep broad tins.

Pumpkin pies opulently plump and full, their crust ready to break into flakes to melt on the tongue. There was a lemon pie, its bright yellow wall an inch high, towered with meringue. Varied the delicacies—jars of preserves and jellies of currant and gooseberry, of quince and peach, of strawberry and pear, each lusciously thick and fragrant in its syrup. Pickles and relishes of more kinds than we remember. That cake shop offered Elysian fields wherein the restless appetite might wander. Whoa, Nellie! See that enormous fruit cake bulging with lemon rind and citron, with currants and nuts?

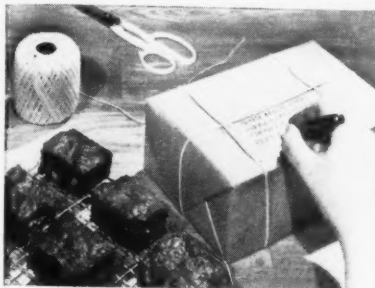
For sentiment's sake we visited that old-fashioned emporium, the general store, with its cracker barrel, the pot-bellied stove, the pickles in mustard and spices. We bought a nickel's worth of the chocolate drops shaped high like the crown of a hat. Groceries stacked the shelves from floor to ceiling. Any kerosene today? Any pear cider? Pennsyl-

vania buckwheat flour in five pound bags was offered with Vermont maple syrup, a popular pair. Jars of fresh pecans were up from Louisiana. Old church members long gone had contributed from everywhere.

Toys in the toy shop were fresh from the sewing basket—pigs, elephants, horses, giraffes, giddy in color, plump and cuddly for bedtime fellowship.

Each floor of the church from basement to parish tower had a part in the fun. In the boy's clubroom a winter sports carnival was going full blast. Informal dancing on the next floor. In the "mountain top shelter" Girl Scouts served waffles and tea, griddle cakes and coffee. No thank you, not for us. We had the baked ham dinner in Main Street's tavern.

It takes three hundred and fifty workers to run the bazaar and more than a thousand women contribute of their talents. Workers are recruited from the fourteen clubs and organizations of the church. Each group takes responsibility



Packed and wrapped boxes hold two dozen fudge squares. Buyers add the address and the gift is ready to mail

for some one part of the plan. Early in August the bazaar chairman calls the first meeting of group heads for general discussion and decision as to the theme of the fair and the division of the work. Following this meeting a letter goes to each chairman outlining his group's special tasks. With details on paper there can be no misunderstanding. Thus a complete record is made of the entire plan and this is filed and available for reference as needed. Careful records are kept of all bills, all agreements. This material to be passed on to next year's bazaar chairman. Warnings are included detailing pitfalls to avoid. Certain things can be learned only by experience. Group leaders make regular reports to the general director. Thus a week by week picture is at hand of the work's progress.

Work is divided in much the same way season after season. For example, the Married Women's Society takes charge of the tavern. Last year three supper menus were offered; the most expensive, the sixty cent meal, included baked ham, sweet potatoes, peas and carrots, roll and butter, homemade cake, coffee

(Continued on page 46)

Pillsbury's "FAVORITE" BREAD

... happiest bread triumph you've ever had ... all because of that dependable all-purpose flour, Pillsbury's Best!



PILLSBURY'S YEAST BREAD RECIPE

makes 6 big loaves

(Don't lose this recipe—because the family will beg for more and more of these delicious, golden-crust loaves!)

TEMPERATURE: 400° F.

TIME: about 45 to 50 minutes

- 4 cups scalded milk
- 2 cups compressed yeast
- ½ cup sugar
- 4 cups lukewarm water
- 3 tablespoons salt
- 6 quarts (6 lbs.) sifted PILLSBURY'S BEST Enriched Flour
- 6 tablespoons lard

(Pillsbury's Best is enriched with two valuable B-vitamins and iron, with no change in its creamy-white color, its mellow wheaty flavor ... or the perfect way it works in all your baking.)

1. Combine scalded milk, sugar, salt, and lard; stir till dissolved and lukewarm. 2. Soften yeast in ½ c. lukewarm water. Add yeast and remaining water to cooled milk mixture. 3. Sift flour once, then measure. Add ½ to yeast mixture; beat well. Add rest of flour; blend well. 4. Knead on floured board about 10 minutes. 5. Place in greased bowl, cover; set to rise in warm place (80° F. to 85° F.) about two hours (till impression of finger stays in dough).

Remember—Pillsbury's Best does more than merely give you wonderful breads and biscuits. From the same bag you can bake delicious cakes, cookies, pies ... flaky toppings for your budget one-dish meals! Pillsbury's Best is a truly all-purpose flour. And—it's truly dependable, too. It's BAKE-PROVED before it ever reaches you—pre-tested by actual baking tests 4 to 6 times a day during milling. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

6. Punch gas from dough; cover; let rise again for about ½ hour. 7. Put on floured board; flatten out. Cut and mold into 6 balls; let rest (closely covered) for 15 min. Shape into loaves. 8. Place in greased 9x5x3-in. loaf pans; cover; keep in warm place till dough fills pan and center rises above top (about 2 hrs.). Bake in hot oven.

Be sure it's cool before you store it. But first—call the family into the kitchen for a fresh, piping-hot sample. See if they don't say it's the best bread you've ever baked! To enjoy that kind of baking every time, be sure you always have a bag of Pillsbury's Best dependable, all-purpose flour on hand.

For special Dry-Yeast Bread Recipe, write to Pillsbury Flour Mills Company.

L-A-D-I-E-S! Accept this lovely satin slip—yours for Pillsbury Thrift Stars!



An exceptionally fine slip of multi-filament, woven rayon satin of extra-fine count. Made with 4 gores for perfect fit—with pull-proof seams. This and many, many more attractive and practical premiums are yours for Pillsbury Thrift Stars, which come with Pillsbury's Best and other Pillsbury products. For details, see recipe folder in your Pillsbury's Best bag, or write Pillsbury Flour Mills, Dept. D-4, Minneapolis, for new free premium catalog.

BAKE-PROVED...to protect your baking



ENRICHED WITH TWO B-VITAMINS AND IRON



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but stalwart in the faith

He has lived seventy-five years in a changing world, building his life on the Word of God. And even now he's still growing spiritually. He says . . .

"I enjoyed your course very much. It makes the foundation on which my all is built much stronger in my mind."

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Please send me a Free copy of your annuity booklet "Living Gifts"

Name.....

Address.....

Date of Birth.....

(Continued from page 45)

or tea. Next choice was salmon cake with spaghetti, roll and butter, cake and a choice of beverage, 45 cents. The third supper, a 35-cent special, provided clam chowder with sandwich, cake and beverage. Separate items, too, might, be ordered: clam chowder, 15 cents; sandwiches, 10 and 15 cents; ice cream, 10 cents; pie, 10 cents; coffee or tea, 5 cents. In two evenings the tavern cleared \$164. But more money could have been made had but one menu been offered. So it will be this December. Variety has proven wasteful. Visitors were inclined toward the cheaper menus and too much food was left over from the 60 cent dinner. This year the young girls of the church will be drafted as waitresses. Last year the women wore themselves out serving crowds which jammed the tavern during rush hours. There will be a paid cook to officiate in the kitchen. There will be but one dinner menu, allowing a choice of fruit cup or fruit juice for the take-off; a choice of pie or ice cream for the sweet ending.

In addition to the tavern management this same group operates the cake table. This year the cake offering will be doubled or possibly tripled. Sugar has been begged and borrowed from all members of the church to make the rich offering. Sugar loot is being divided among the best bakers.

The Service Guild women sew throughout the year to make the dainty garments and feminine pretties that fill the boudoir shop and catch the eyes and the dollars. This needlecraft booth is the fair's biggest money maker. Last year \$500 was cleared.

The Business and Professional Club, of women under forty, give a part of their week end leisure to the making of unusual jellies and relishes. Annually the jelly cupboard is sold bare before the bazaar ending. Jelly jewels go like hot cakes to city housewives who have little time or space for home preserving. It is this professional group who were responsible for the editing and printing of a cook book of recipes collected from the women of the church. The book covers every possible division of cooking from sea foods and game to cake and ice cream, to jellies and jams.

A group called the Mothers Meeting, all older women, contribute and collect small trifles to sell in the Old Curiosity Shop. Profits are not large from this booth but as a crowd puller it is a world beater and occasionally a genuine antique shows up on the shelves to keep the interest at high pitch.

The Men's Club turn the basement of the parish house into a midway circus for the entertainment of the children. A great help to mothers who leave their tots in charge of the competent directors to pick them up later when their shopping is completed.

Members of the church with special talents are called on for special jobs. The woman who makes the best waffles runs a waffle lunch counter with a single assistant. This pair working two days last year cleared \$50. A woman with a gift for fine stitches makes baby clothes to stock the Lilliputian Corner.

Anyone anywhere with a bazaar in the

works will be needing these sugar saving recipes built for quantity production.

ALL-BRAN FUDGE SQUARES

10 eggs
2½ pounds sugar
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
1 pound 4 ounces unsweetened chocolate
1¼ cups shortening
2½ cups flour
1½ cups all-bran
3 cups chopped nut meats

Beat eggs until light. Add sugar and flavoring. Melt Chocolate, blend with shortening. Add to first mixture. Add the combined flour, all-bran and nut meats. Spread about ⅓ inch thick in greased shallow baking pans; bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 25 minutes. Cut in squares. Yield: 10 dozen squares.

Christmas rushed shoppers will bless you heartily for fudge squares packaged by the dozen, ready to address and mail.

SUGARLESS SPICE CAKE

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1¼ teaspoon salt
1¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cloves
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup light corn syrup
2 eggs, unbeaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices and sift together three times. Cream shortening with lemon rind; add syrup gradually, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with milk in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 minutes or until done.

Note: For best results, beat very well at each state of mixing.

OATMEAL COOKIES

1½ cups shortening
½ cup sugar
1½ cups dark corn syrup
2 eggs, well beaten
3 cups all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1 tablespoon milk
2¼ cups nuts or raisins
4 cups rolled oats (quick cooking or regular, uncooked)
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Cream shortening until soft, add sugar gradually. Add corn syrup, a little at a time. Then stir in well beaten eggs in several portions, blending well. Sift flour once, then measure. Add salt, soda and cinnamon and sift again. Add to creamed mixture then add milk. Stir in raisins or nuts, then rolled oats and vanilla. Stir well after each addition. Drop from spoon onto cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10 to 12 minutes. Yield: 12 dozen cookies.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

1½ cups peanut butter
1½ cups chopped dates
¾ cup (6-7) unbeaten egg whites
2¼ cups powdered sugar

Add powdered sugar to the unbeaten egg whites. Mix. Add peanut butter and chopped dates. Mix well. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes. Yield: 5 dozen medium sized (2¼ inch) cookies.

Eat the inside, if you wish, but save the shells of your morning grapefruit for making the containers for your Christmas gifts—candied orange and grapefruit peels. It's traditional gift-giving in Florida, an old southern custom you follow like this:

(Continued from page 15)

"Until some concept, religious in origin, sweeps the United States, there will either be no victory, or if there is, it will have the taste of ashes instead of fruit. There is no greater goal in front of our troops here than the prospect of a good free-for-all party after the dirty work is done, which shows that our nation has progressed downward since 1918.

"I think the fundamental change in our thinking, or call it some kind of spiritual reawakening, will develop only after the nation has touched firmer, though deeper, bottom than it has to date. It will take a period of rations, casualties and setbacks. Perhaps I sound a bit gloomy, but I am not, because I have come to the point where I can see the *direction* from which the revival will come.

"Obviously the nation is young enough to 'take it' for a while. We have too many material comforts in the meantime. Human nature being what it is, I think it a good idea to 'tighten your belt when you have won,' and all the more before you have begun to fight."

What has all this to do with Christmas cheer? Much, very much in a thousand

HERITAGE

The loveliness of country hills,
The newness of the day,
And softness of an August rain
Are mine to keep away.

Whatever else I am denied,
I thank my God that I
May own the key to beauty's gate
Until the day I die.

Iris Jean Crawford.

ways, since Christmas is not a fancy, dream-spun and heart-woven, but a faith, a force, gentle but ultimately irresistible. As man has discovered in nature new potencies, new elements, new depths, new forces, so in the realm of spiritual reality he will unlock new dimensions of truth and fellowship, and order his life by a diviner law. Soon or late he will live in a frontierless and unfortified world, ruled by moral intelligence and practical good will. The Christian era lies ahead of us.

Wherefore do we live for one day by the law of love, taking a vacation from our selfishness, and then turn again and rend each other? Why do nations at war lift up hands in prayer to Him who taught us to love our enemies? Why do men who deny Christ yield, for one day, to His spirit of pity and joy? Is there any explanation of such a deficit between dream and deed? Yes. It lies in the fact that Christmas is a prophetic day. It is a history of the future, of an order of life not yet attained, of a religion not yet realized. To our dull eyes it is visionary; to God it is vision.

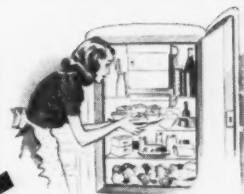
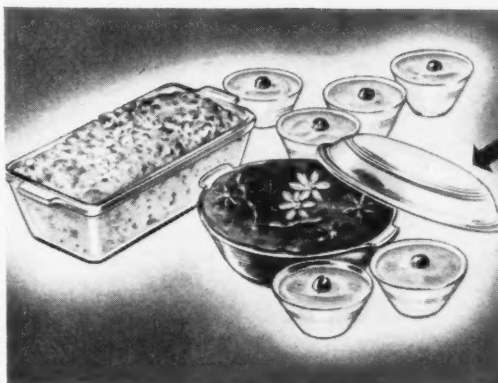
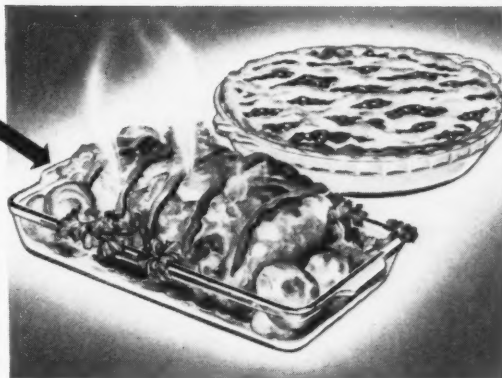
Nay, more; Christmas is a song out of the heart of the world. It means much that we can hear it, despite gray facts and grim fears, forever singing above the din of strife; and, hearing it, take up its strain in a world of feud. Not in our day, perhaps, not in many days, but at last its prophecy of "peace on earth among men of good will" will come true.

See why PYREX WARE is a better gift for you this Christmas!



1. GUARDS YOUR HEALTH! Food looks better and tastes better in Pyrex Ware. Use this utility dish for small roasts, chops, hot breads, rolls and biscuits, desserts. Use it for serving salads. 12½" size, only..... **65¢**

2. SAVES TIME AND WORK! Save dishwashing...cook, serve and store in the same dish. Here's the latest: The deep Pyrex "Flavor Saver" Pie Plate with handles. Keeps the juice in the pie. 10" size..... **45¢**



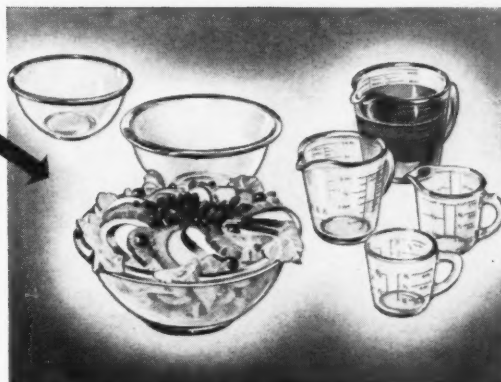
3. SAVES ON LEFTOVERS! Put food away in the same dish it was cooked in. The Pyrex Matched Casserole with six dainty Custard Cups makes a grand gift. The cover is an extra pie plate. 8-Piece Matched Set **\$100**

4. SAVES FUEL! Pyrex Ware bakes foods as much as ⅓ faster! Take this Pyrex Loaf Pan. She'll use it for nut bread, meat loaf, baked beans, scalloped dishes... and save fuel every time! 9½" size still..... **45¢**



5. HELPS THE HOME HOSTESS! Food goes right from the stove to the table and looks lovely! The new Pyrex Mixing Bowls help out for mixing, baking, serving and storing. They nest to save space. This set of 3... **95¢**

6. A GIFT FOR EVERY WOMAN ON YOUR LIST! Watch her eyes sparkle when you give her this useful set of Red-Marked Pyrex Measuring Cups! One qt. liquid—**73¢**. One pt. liquid—**50¢**. One cup liquid—**13¢**. One cup dry—**13¢**.



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FEEL LIKE A MILLION



Tomorrow



TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Tonight

Want to start the day with a smile instead of a frown? Then don't let your stomach go sour during the night because of over-indulgence. Give that excessive acidity the one-two action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

One-two action means that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is an efficient alkaliizer and gentle laxative in one! It not only provides quick relief from the discomfort

of an upset stomach but also promotes mild yet thorough elimination.

The next time your dinner disagrees with you—or after a gay party—try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, and wake up “feeling like a million.” Read the directions on the Milk of Magnesia package and take only as directed thereon or as prescribed by your physician.

ONE-TWO ACTION

1 NEUTRALIZES EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS—and does it almost quicker than it takes to tell. Rated among the most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Relieves that uneasy feeling of discomfort almost immediately.

2 ACTS AS MILD LAXATIVE. So gentle that it does not upset the system and leave you feeling “all wrung out.” Take it any time of the day because it does not act with embarrassing urgency. Many physicians recommend it for young children. There is no better mild laxative.



ONLY 25c AT ANY DRUGSTORE

(Continued from page 23)

“Nine weeks at Mather Field,” Chris was saying, “and then nine more for Basic at some other field, maybe Randolph—that’s the beauty of a training center, I hear; and then the last nine for Advanced at some other field. When I get to Basic I’ll be making cross-country flights.”

“And you’ll all come out for graduation.”

Bill’s eyes shone his answer more certainly than words.

“I’ll have a special section reserved for the family. There’ll be a place for you, Muddie, up in front, right next to the General. You can poke him in the ribs when they give me my wings and say, ‘He’s mine, Sir.’”

But no one was listening to Chris’s raving. The train was slowing down, and there were kisses and handclaps and cries of good luck. Then a moment of uncertainty when it seems as if one were balancing on one foot a little unsteadily, and the train pulled out. The emptiness that a train leaves behind is something different from the emptiness that was earlier there. It is as if one were standing at the center of the whirlwind where all is a mocking calm and a passionless peace.

It was Bill who spoke first.

“The contest closes at noon; could you hustle a little to make sure I’m not late?”

“Of course we can, Son. I’m afraid I’d forgotten about the model in all the excitement of getting Chris off. Is your model ready?”

“I have it in the car trunk. It’s all doped up and everything. I tried the new silk span and it does a swell covering job. Frank suggested it. It’s lighter than regular tissue paper, too.”

Bill raised the back of the car and displayed the model with pardonable pride.

“It’s beautiful, William, I had no idea a model could be as lovely as that.” Mrs. White spoke as one seeing it for the first time, as indeed she was, for the duties and concerns of the past week had kept her too busy to watch the daily progress on the Defiant as it had grown from a skeleton of wood to a bird-ship.

“It looks to me like a mighty fine job, Son.”

But at the display room there were hundreds of models. Bill was frankly discouraged. There were planes of all sizes, all models, all kinds. And there were hundreds of boys eager for victory.

Bill and his father walked through the aisle of tables. “It’s a Vultee Vanguard, Dad; isn’t that a beauty?”

“It certainly is.”

“And there’s a sleek little racer plane. That belongs to Joe Crapeetti. . . . Hello, Joe. That’s a neat little model you’ve got, but I should think there would be too much torque.”

“Warping the wing is supposed to help that, Bill. It keeps it down but usually you do have some trouble with small wing planes.”

Mr. White knew himself a stranger to that kind of talk and factories have to operate whether sons leave for the air corps or smaller sons enter models in government contests.

“Bill, I’m going on with Mother. You can walk home from here. I’ll see you at dinner tonight. Here’s some money for your lunch.”

“That will be swell, Dad. Then I can

stay here as long as I want to. I'll study the planes. Bye."

That encircling arm around the date of Tuesday, the eighteenth, had cradled, in addition to the normal routine of the day, a parting at the railroad station, a hopelessness in a small boy's heart as he saw his best effort in competition with the work of his mates—and an accident that Mr. White was to learn of later that afternoon.

"Mr. White?"

"Yes, White speaking."

"Do you have a son William, about thirteen?"

"Yes; what's wrong?"

"There's been an accident, Sixth and Meter Streets. There was a fire alarm and a truck hit one of the boys that was following the engine."

"How badly hurt is he?"

"Leg's crushed."

"Where is he?"

"Mercy Hospital."

And already Mr. White was on his way. Bill never was able to tell just what happened. He and others from the display room had started to follow the fire apparatus, and then from nowhere a truck had borne down upon them. They had scattered in panic and the truck had roared on, but it had left Bill prone on the pavement with a crushed leg which the doctors had been helpless to save.

For Chris and for Bill, as well as for Mr. and Mrs. White with their anxious waiting, the weeks appeared, halted for seven short days, and then marched on. For Chris they were weeks spent first at Mather Field, then at Randolph, and finally at Brooks. For Bill they were weeks of lying in bed—hospital beds, his own familiar bed, the couch in the living room. And then the new lessons in how to use a crutch.

Dark day in a dark week it was when the local newspaper of Queensland carried the announcement that the miniature airplane contest had been decided and that the Vultee Vanguard that Bill had so much admired, had won. Bill's only comment was, "Well, it had to, I suppose. It was a neat, little job." Bill was given Honorable Mention for Superior Workmanship.

Chris had written often, usually cheery letters with a funny story for Bill. These had helped but more than anything else, Bill had held fast to a sentence which Chris had written without intending it for his brother; perhaps that was why it helped. Chris had been telling of the demands made upon the cadets. "In this kind of training," Chris had written, "one learns to take what is handed out, without griping."

Bill used to repeat it to himself. Well, if Chris and the others could take what was handed to them as cadets, without griping, he could, too. But there were great plans that had to be discarded, and no new ones yet to take their final place. No flying for a man with one leg. And no prize for the boy who made airplane models. And school ahead without football or track or dancing—although he never could believe he'd miss dancing. And then, too, Chris's graduation was ahead; and he didn't know.

Then Chris's letter came. "It's to be the first day of March. And you all must,

positively must come. Tell Muddie I've got the place next to the General reserved for her."

Bill raised questioning eyes when his father read the letter aloud. "Do you think I can make it, Dad?"

His mother shook her head, hurt by the pain she knew her answer would bring him. But his father smiled. "Of course you can make it. We'll pack you in the back of the car, crutch and all. And we'll drive there, and you'll see everything you expected to see last fall when Chris left."

"He promised then he'd take me for a ride."

"And so he will, I'm sure, if he's allowed to. Remember this, Bill, you may have only one leg but you're not a cripple. You're going to do everything other boys do, get it? And we're going, all of us, to Chris's graduation."

Bill answered with a timid smile, which suddenly broke into the old warwhoop which hadn't sounded throughout those walls for long weeks. Many times his father had said it, "You're not a cripple, Bill. And you're going to do everything other boys do." Each time the words had added to the deposit of iron in the boy's spirit; each time he had struggled to believe but the spirit of doubt was strong. But tonight it was different; his father was right.

"But ought we to?" Mrs. White questioned, fearfully.

"Mother, maybe we'll have two airmen in the White family, yet."

Days flew by; equipment for the trip was piled in the hallway, and then stowed in the car. An easy seat was prepared for Bill on the rear seat. Through it all Bill was gay and even Mrs. White lost some measure of the anxious, troubled look about her eyes, which had lingered there since the day Chris went away and Bill was hurt. Mr. White scanned his maps for a last verification of roads. . . The postman's whistle sounded in the drive, like a happy greeting of farewell.

"Special delivery for Mr. White."

"Thank you, Postman."

"Father, do you think Chris could have. . . failed?"

"Not our Chris, not him. . . Why, it's not for me. It's for you, Bill. It's from a government defense agency."

"What can it be, Dad?"

"The best way to learn is to read it, Son."

Bill read eagerly, stumbling over the words in his haste. "We are calling upon those boys who received Honorable Mention in our recent airplane contest for assistance in our national emergency. We admire the careful workmanship of your entry, the Boulton-Paul Defiant, especially your application of the silk span. We are commissioning you, therefore, to construct twelve models for study purposes, of the Boulton-Paul Defiant. These must be to the following scale." Bill skipped the paragraph of instruction. "We must have the finished work in our hands not later than six months from the date of this letter."

They had driven nearly an hour before Bill spoke.

"Dad."

"Yes, Son."

"Remember what you said about two airmen in the family?"

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for a brighter smile



(Continued from page 31)

Persecution of the Jews can occur in university centers, vice can flourish under the very shadows of magnificent art museums, and unspeakably rotten tenements exist within a mile of Radio City. Culture needs some power which makes it sensitive to wrong and courageous for the right. It is before One with such power that wisdom bows at Bethlehem.

Science cannot save us. It gives us power over things and power over others, but not over ourselves. Science makes us able to fly like the eagle and at the same time to devour like vultures. It enables us to send our voices from home to home and from country to country, but instead of using that power to beget brotherhood, we so often employ it to engender hatred and suspicion. Six years ago at Harvard's Tercentenary, a brilliant assemblage of scientists gathered to pool their research. It was a thrilling demonstration of the comradeship of scientists. But one wonders how many of those scientists may today be working to improve the processes of destruction. Science needs a power to safeguard its motives and strengthen its self-controls. It was before One with such power that science bows at Bethlehem.

Material resources cannot save us. Winston Churchill reports that he was at General Haig's headquarters in August 1918, when Haig was ordering an attack upon the German line, entrenched in defenses perhaps the most superb erected during the war. As he ordered the attack, Haig said: "Now you will see what all these fortifications are worth when troops are no longer resolved to defend them." And that is what the observers did see. The fortifications were there, the munitions were there, the German troops were there, but something subtle was lacking. The soldiers of the Kaiser had lost confidence. Their morale was lowered. Material resources are not enough, without the faith and morale to use them. And the Christ of Bethlehem, more than any other, puts faith and morale into men.

When, therefore, we go up to Bethlehem, we see this second thing that has come to pass, namely, wisdom in search of a Saviour. That is the larger truth lying behind the story of the wise men.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem" a third time and see this thing which is come to pass. We see there shepherds looking for a Saviour. The shepherds stand at the other end of the social scale from the "wise men." The lowly as well as the learned bow at the Bethlehem manger. The shepherds represent the burden-bearers of the world. They stand for the humble folk whose backs bend under the load of taxation and whose bodies suffer the butcheries of war. Is the One born in Bethlehem the Saviour they seek?

Let us see. The shepherds wanted a Saviour who would champion their rights. It has been said that the mainspring motive of human nature is the desire to feel oneself a person among other persons. A man wants to feel that he is somebody. And that is the feeling Christ gives to men. He always treats individuals as ends in themselves and not as means to an end.

The Child of Bethlehem is the champion of the forgotten man. The shepherds wanted a Saviour who would give them not only their social rights but their self-

respect. When people have been kept down a long time, they tend to look down on themselves. A woman wrote me a letter a few years ago, signing herself "An American Mother." She had learned that I was to speak on the subject: "What Is America's Greatest Need Today?" She wrote that she had put that question to her fifteen-year-old son and he had replied, "trust in one another." Then she said, "And I, a thirty-six-year-old mother added, 'Yes, we must teach trust to those who mistrust themselves.'" That mother spoke well. When people live without the opportunity for work and in the midst of mutual suspicion, they come to mistrust their own powers. They need a Saviour who can give them back their self-respect. Such a Saviour they find at Bethlehem.

But the shepherds, if they were to get back their self-respect, must find a Saviour who could save them from their own sins. In those long night watches under the stars they had time to look into their own hearts. They knew the unruly passions lurking there. Could they find one to curb their wayward desires and renew a right spirit within them? Well, the One born in Bethlehem because the man who could talk to a dishonest Zaccheus and send him out to restore his ill-gotten gains, who could look into the eyes of a soiled Magdalene and send her forth to sin no more.

The shepherds wanted a Saviour who could give peace on earth. That was the song in the air. That was the hope in their hearts.

Would God that we could say men had found peace on earth through the Christ of Bethlehem! But, alas, after nineteen centuries men still prepare for war with a vengeance never known before. Yet, this we can say also, that more men are looking to the way of Christ as the only road to peace. And this further we can say, that they are looking to Christ's way with more and more intelligence. The shepherds and the wise men are coming together in their allegiance to the Prince of Peace. And in that lies our Christmas hope of "Peace on Earth."

(Continued from page 13)

located in one of these centers and the spirit of the Japanese Americans as well as the understanding of the Army was suggested by a grinning sign, "Made in Japan!"

In spite of vast difficulties these amazing people made their deserts "blossom as the rose." Literally flowers and vegetables grew up from stones and cement. One of California's greatest landscape engineers made veritable hanging gardens out of refuse heaps. Brilliant Japanese doctors directed immaculate medical centers and I found one of America's most distinguished professors teaching a class of men and women of all ages and social levels the first principles of art. Everywhere exhibits and demonstrations were held to reveal and encourage hidden talents. Particularly impressive was Christian leadership and the unity of Christians. The Sublime Ethic, which too many of us serve only with our lips, was the dynamic of practically all assembly center relations. In one community of 18,000, three thousand Protestant Church communi-

cants made the center a place of understanding, patriotism and faith. Discounting the many false and evil tales, I heard many true stories of suffering and bitterness, but these are fewer in kind than similar stories told of comparable outside communities. To retell and exploit them has served no good purpose. There, exaggeration has given comfort to the enemy and hindered the nation's defense. With few exceptions and under conditions without previous American parallel, our Japanese comrades have made a song in the night of their "Ministry of Pain," and capitalized upon it for American safety and for world freedom. They have been men and women of good will. Won by their spirit, Army leaders have become their friends and champions. Said one Army man, a colonel: "Our real problem is the 600 per cent American," and he spoke with scorn—The 600 percent who would win the war by starving or shooting or drowning these Japanese. He would take away their citizenship. Well, with mighty few exceptions these people are proving themselves to be the better Americans." Surely that colonel and his associates will hear the song at this Christmas time!

Not once, from an assembly resident, (and I talked with hundreds) nor from any Army officer, did I hear a bitter or

MEDITATIONS

By Louis Ellsworth Jaekel

Oh, Father, let me not be slow
To think of Thee while hours flow
Into the past beyond recall.
I count one day so very small
That when my routine tasks are done
Often the rays of a setting sun
Remind me I've tho't so little of Thee
While Thou hast been ev'ry moment
with me!

even an unappreciative word. Never has any army been at once so human and so efficient, and never has any group of Americans been more soundly patriotic.

There will be hardships at this Holiday Season for thousands who are adjusting themselves to new and strange conditions in the relocation centers of California, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas. Whatever we may think about the past, all Americans, all Christians and all the Christian Churches particularly have now an obligation to discharge to these Japanese, more than 70,000 of whom are American-born. The greater judgment will be upon us for any lasting social hurt that remains after the war ends. Now is the time for us to act. Now is the time for Christians to be Christian—the time for Americans to be one hundred percent American. Equipment and supplies, leadership and comradeship, and assistance to relocation under favorable conditions,—all these are for us to give. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is indeed twin to the first and great Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

But, whether the skies be dark or clear above the Japanese relocation centers on this Christmas night, they will be filled with time's immortal chorus, "On Earth Peace To Men Of Good Will."

(The attention of the reader is called to the item on page 8, reporting further developments in Japanese relocation.)

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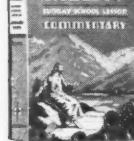
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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery



SOMEWHERE in our state is living a woman who by now must be well along in middle age and perhaps a grandmother long since. It doesn't seem possible, but it must have been more than forty years ago when she was a young girl in her teens, several years older than my brother and I, and lived near our farm home.

Thoughts of approaching Christmas-tide send my mind wandering back to that Christmas when she helped us pull a home-made sled over the snow and up along a bank above our little river. Here we found a small cedar, which we cut with a hatchet and hauled back home for our first Christmas tree.

Nowadays, modern business enterprise cuts our Christmas trees for us in Maine or away off somewhere else, hauls them by the trainload and makes them available on vacant lots or in front of corner grocery stores in every city and village in the land, it would seem. Old as I am, I get a certain thrill just watching folks selecting and taking home their trees.

It is our own custom, though, to buy one from our local nurseryman. I have him dig a shapely little spruce or pine with the roots enclosed in ball of dirt and this either bound in burlap or perhaps planted in a small tub or large wooden bucket. This tree holds its needles indoors and then, after holiday festivities are faded away, we carry it outside. At suitable opportunity it is planted somewhere about the place. Usually it lives and thrives.

ONCE, when one of our sons was younger than he is now, he asked me a question. "When grandmother was here the other day, she gave me a dollar bill. Why is it that she always wants to give me something?"

I replied that old folks find pleasure in giving to those who are younger. Now Christmas is the time when everybody gives, but I suppose the young ones get more joy from receiving, while only those more mature in years realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

THINKING of presents reminds me of a pair of garden shears for flower-cutting that a friend gave my wife one Christmas. They are simple in design but of excellent steel. Only my wife knows how many countless baskets of blooms she has cut to bring in the house, to give to friends, to send in to the church for the summer Sunday services. It was truly a real gift, this pair of shears. It is one that both serves a useful purpose and helps keep fresh the memory of a friend who is now gone.

There is nothing more fitting to give as

a present from one garden-minded soul to another than a garden present. It may be a book about gardening, a pair of garden gloves, a subscription to a magazine or a handy tool. If a tool, please may it be something of standard design and likewise of good quality steel, not some non-essential gadget made merely to catch eye and purse of the unknowing.



IT IS one of the peculiarities of modern magazine publishing that the January magazines are at our doors before Christmas has arrived. It seems to be the policy of seed houses and nurseries to launch their major advertising campaigns for the year ahead in these same January issues. Thus the pages will convey news of new flowers, of new roses, of new catalogs ready.

What I have in mind to suggest is that a most welcome Christmas token would be to order a collection of seeds of new annuals or of plants of some newer perennial flowers or bulbs that are spring-planted, or some of the newer roses. The order could be placed after these January advertising pages are at hand, with instructions to deliver at appropriate time. A Christmas card, with word that the order has been sent, is all that your friend needs for the moment.



ALONG toward December our family likes to overhaul our facilities for feeding the birds, and as snow comes we begin to put out food for our little friends who dwell with us amid our shrubbery and trees through the long winter months. From the mixed grain which is fed the poultry comes supply for boxes and feeding stations about the place. From the kitchen come bits of suet, bread crumbs and other things. I take an almost sinful pride in boasting of how many cardinals, jays or quail come to our yard each day.



DECEMBER in our middle-north region may not seem to be a month of garden work at all, though it is a busy time indeed for those who dwell in the warmer portions. Yet whenever the weather is good, there is often some belated chore that I was prevented from doing earlier. One hates to give up outdoor work until frozen ground and snowy blasts make it impossible. It is often a good practice to do spring spading in the fall.



MEANWHILE, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to any unseen friends who may have been reading these humble notes in the year now so nearly gone.

(Continued from page 35)

How can we put any other interest in life first—social, political or commercial—when there are boys and girls growing up all around us, needing someone to share their burden of doubt or delight? For every life shows the marks of a human touch at the crossroads of decision.

In spite of the impact of the devastating world around the youth of today, there can be such wonderful companionship with them; they crave it and it may become the very wine of life to us.

If we are jealous of them, then we raise a flag of rebellion over our own lost youth and beauty, when growing old could be such a graceful art, bringing a wealth of love and admiration to one's feet from the younger generation.

The secret is not to imitate them, but to exercise one's brain to keep from being petty, to refuse to be cowed by any circumstance or crushed by any grief, to be gallant under life's battlefire. This attitude will give the youth depending upon us the anchorage they so desperately need.

RESOLUTION

By Helen Welsbimer

When I grow up I'll never pat
Small children on the head,
Or ask them where they go to school
And when they go to bed.

They'd know I'm only bein' polite
And think I'm not so bright.
I'll bring 'em candy and keep still,
Then they'll like me all right!

(Continued from page 38)

"No hits, no runs, no errors." One of the shortest lives was that of our Divine Master. Yet what He accomplished in His earthly ministry of thirty-three years!

The influence of Max's character and life go on. In the business world he was known as a man of the strictest honor, yet one of those friendly, sympathetic souls who could make allowance for the frailties of others. That came through his own experience. Within the past three months, we met a friend who had known Max years ago. He spoke of his high standards of living, his integrity, his singularly unselfish spirit.

His power was just as vital in the pulpit. We have heard him speak. He gave the impression not of self-assurance, not that he knew all the answers, but certainly that he knew what it was all about. He had that sublime confidence which caused the Apostle Paul to say, "I know whom I have believed." That probably, under God, gave this layman a grip and mastery of his audience that is not given to every ordained preacher of the Word. At any rate, men listened to him because they knew that he was speaking to them out of sheer love for the Christ, and because he believed that there was no other who could help and save men. But those of us who were intimate with him knew also this: whatever the text on which he might base his message, the underlying fact was that which had been his own refuge and strength, "The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

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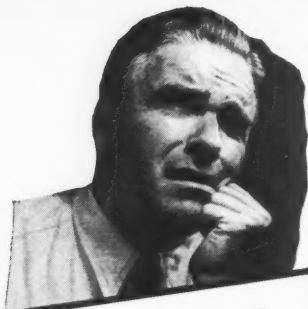
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(Continued from page 33)

sure enough one did come, for when I hung up my stocking and awoke in the morning there was nothing in it. I got my surprise all right! But I guess it isn't anybody's fault. Times are hard this year."

I could not tell at first whether that child's almost grown-up words and smile were the fruits of bitterness or sheer bravery. But I soon saw that his words were sheer bravery and courage. Therefore I had determined that the next year he would get his surprise, if I could manage it.

And what a surprise that boy did have! The Navy officer's wife arranged that. She not only got out all of her own Billy's presents which she had kept for five years, but the two of us went shopping. We filled my old Ford with toys, oranges, candy and food. There were dolls for the Brown girls; wagons, balls, bats, mechanical automobiles and trains for the boys; the sort of a Christmas that would delight the hearts of a family of children who had never really known what a full, free, and generous Christmas could be. The Navy officer's wife went with me the night before Christmas and, with the help of Mrs. Brown, we decorated a beautiful tree, and piled the floor high with gifts. And to little crippled Billy Brown went that woolly dog—just as her own Billy had requested in her dream. Christmas morning, as we walked to her home, that woman said to me:

"This is the happiest Christmas I have had since Billy left me. I thought I could never bear to give away his toys, but he was right about that. You can't have Christmas happiness by keeping things—even memories. You have to pass them on to others."

I was so impressed with this experience and with that woman's reply as we walked home, that the next year I told my young people in Calvary Church about it and spontaneously a bright young girl said: "Well, let's organize a 'Give it to Jimmie' Club in this church this Christmas, and hunt up some child or some family that will not have as good a Christmas as we will, and see to it that they *do* have a good one."

I myself had not thought of that. I was just telling of my experience as a story to entertain them; but it caught on like wildfire and, that very evening, we organized a "Give it to Jimmie Christmas Club" and so far as I know that club is still going strong in that church.

That gave me an idea for every church I have ever served in the years since that faraway day in 1916. Every church which I have ministered to—in San Francisco, San Jose, California, Detroit, Michigan, Kansas City, Boston—in all of them we have organized "Give it to Jimmie" Christmas Clubs, it has worked magnificently.

Some of the most beautiful and touching Christmas experiences I have known have come through this. In Calvary that first year our young people organized a "Give it to Jimmie Club" and on Christmas Eve we visited Angel Island, where the Oriental immigrants came in. They presented a Christmas program, erected a brightly lighted Christmas tree, and gave presents to each Oriental who had landed that week. Three hundred Chinese had

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come in that week, to be detained in quarantine on Christmas Eve. They had never heard the Christmas story. They were in a strange land, lonely, bewildered, baffled with this new experience. Our young people planned an evening for them; with a lighted tree, oranges and candy and some simple presents, a Bible and a lot of beautiful Christmas spirit.

Then I told those Orientals the story of Christ. There was an interpreter to make them understand what Christmas meant, even if those gifts had not already done so. We closed by singing "Silent Night" and I tell you that those Orientals with their casual, stolid faces and unemotional eyes had a strange comprehending light in their faces.

This year all over this nation there will be "Give it to Jimmie Clubs" and young people will go into canteens, huts, hostess houses, and entertain the soldiers in barracks and camps and hospitals. Many of these clubs will write letters to soldiers in far away Australia, Iceland, England, Russia, India, and Hawaii. It will all be done in a "Give it to Jimmie" spirit and the world will be a finer, happier place because of those clubs.

(Continued from page 18)

understanding. A great deal of the work was done in printed letters and pamphlets and a large number of social gatherings and lunches were held. It is remarkable, to me, that the rich Jews of New York paid all the expenses of the Council, including the lunches! I don't know of a greater adventure for any man.

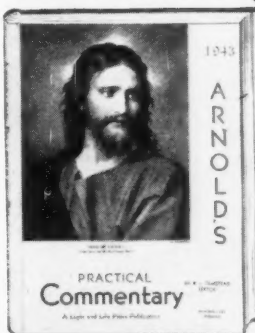
And I find myself moved to suggest an adventure of a very practical character which I most firmly believe will be a mark of the new world into which we shall soon be moving.

I mean the union of all the different Protestant denominations into one great United Protestant Church of the United States of America.

I don't think it will take much courage to do it, but it will require some readjustments and changes in management that may call for sacrifice on the part of the clergy and church organizations. But it will be adventure of the highest type. It will bring together forces that have been scattered and give a united action as one religion moving under the same guiding hand, with one head to the church which Jesus loved and which He wanted to be without blemish. Denominationalism has done its work and we will not criticize it. But the time has come for the united action which the war has emphasized. We must have a Christianity for the world all over the world, as the only real answer to the false philosophies of the world. And a united church can face that need and begin one of the world's greatest adventures since the first church faced paganism.

Added to this is another adventure of peace—the uniting of the three great religions, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish in a common cause for the good of the warless world. There is no reason why these three great religions should not work together for the common good, and there seems to be a growing trend on the part of the leaders of American thought toward a union of common beliefs.

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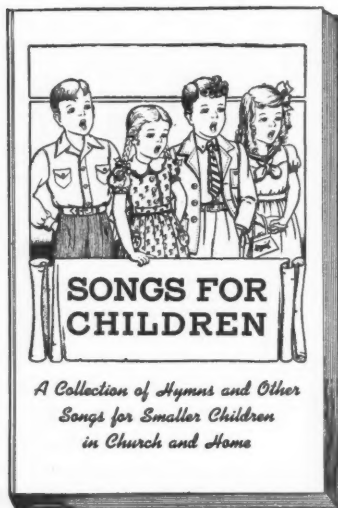
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(Continued from page 37)

hand. "I am now home safe and happy with my family. Since I left you my heart has been singing and glorying in God," Bolton smiles. "You can see he accepted the invitation. I doubt if we ever have him here again."

He waves a hand toward the rows of pews, soon to be filled for the evening service. "I know they are filled with men who are hungry, who have lost hope; the Christmas message mocks them with memories. I know how they feel. I tell them they can have food and shelter without accepting the invitation. When they do accept, I know many of them are sincere. In my thirteen years as a superintendent of missions, I've found that thirty or forty respond to the Christmas call annually. And when we give them a meal and a simple gift or two, they are new men again. It's something to see the light come back into a man's eyes; those gifts are gifts on God's Christmas tree."

Rev. Mr. Bolton gently touches the well-worn Bible on the altar, turns the pages with loving fingers. "This year our cases are mostly older men. The younger ones have obtained jobs. The middle-aged have found something useful to do. But there are still thousands of these homeless, friendless men who are passing into the sunset of life. Age, disease, the effects of drink have made many of them unemployable. Some we straighten out, give them a suit and a home and they find jobs. Many find Christ again. I realize there are important things for us these days; things requiring money and sacrifices of all kinds. But would our fight for Freedom From Want be complete if we neglected these men? They are Americans, too. They need our help, need it badly."

The Bowery Mission's staff is almost entirely made up of men who entered the building from the saloons and flop houses of the Bowery to a new life. Fifteen men who work for salaries many of us would regard as pin money! Financial remuneration means little to them. The Mission has helped them; they want to help others.

"Convention has ruled that homeless, broken men be called bums," Mr. Bolton says, his eyes stern. "I don't like the word. It hurts. No soul is ever so lost as not to feel the whiplash of those letters. It's as if someone struck you in the face. I know. I was called 'bum' many times."

"I was born in England and I came to the United States with my wife and baby at the age of twenty-three. I had developed a habit of gambling; I tried to break myself of it here in a new land. But I couldn't. I became a complete slave to the habit, spending weeks away from home at the race track or at some other gambling hell."

The visitor looks wonderingly at the clear-cut lines of the face before him, at the firm jaw, the clear eyes. Determination, sincerity, kindness are in every feature. Rev. Mr. Bolton nods. "I know what you're thinking, perhaps disbelieving. No, I was all I am telling you. By the time I was twenty-six my wife felt it necessary to send our two children back to England. I was an utter wreck of a man. I tried suicide, anything, everything

to break myself of the gambling habit. Nothing worked. I was homeless, alone, broken in mind and body.

"One night almost by accident I wandered into the Jerry McAuley Cremona Mission in New York City. There I heard the message that Jesus would not only save me from my sin but that he would be a friend to me. It was that word 'friend' that took root in my heart. I didn't have a friend anywhere; I knew I was a sinner but I didn't know the way out. There was an invitation to accept Christ as Saviour. I responded. From that day in April, 1927, all I had failed to do for myself, all that my loved ones had failed to do for me, Jesus did."

From that time on, Bolton was a man changed by the Man who grants all who listen Freedom from Want. He entered mission work, sent for his family in England, was asked thirteen years ago to become superintendent of the McAuley Mission. His excellent record there and his rare understanding and his love of man and men brought him a call to the Bowery Mission.

As Mr. Bolton, a member of the United Presbyterian Church, finishes his story, he looks at the visitor, smiling. "Now you see why I understand and love these men. None are too broken, too hopeless to be saved for Christ. I know."

In spite of the sacrifices by the Mission's staff and their almost endless hours on the job, keeping the rescue station running is no easy matter. Feeding more than 80,000 men a year, giving them new clothing and above all a new lease on life, requires money.

"Yes, I know the public is literally giving—until it hurts," Mr. Bolton says. "There's the USO, the Red Cross, local charities, War Bonds and our increasing income taxes. America isn't grumbling because we know liberty is never cheap. And part of that liberty is assuring freedom from want here at home."

"We give these thousands of men a great deal they've missed in their last few years. A warm bed, good wholesome food. A place where they can sit down and write home and where postage is free. An employment bureau where many of them are returned to jobs and eventual rehabilitation. And above all, the chance to win thousands back to God."

"That's why I feel any contribution to the Mission this Christmas will be a gift on God's tree. It will bring freedom from want and the other freedoms as well." He pauses. "Did you ever stop to think what a simple gift means to a man who hasn't received one for Christmas for ten years? Who has been called a bum every awakening hour and who has dreamed of the Word when he's asleep in a cold hallway? That little gift helps him find himself."

In the Mission is a spacious closet filled with suits; not enough, but sufficient to supply several days' needs.

Mr. Bolton points to them. "One of those suits brings confidence, courage, hope. I can put that suit on a man. God puts the man in the suit."

In the fight for Freedom from Want, it's our job, we readers, to supply Rev. Mr. Bolton those suits. With the aid of a Greater Superintendent of a Greater Mission, he can do the rest.

(Continued from page 21)

five thousand years into the past. With the great artists and color makers of Egypt, I blended pigments, learning much of their secret of enduring colors. The vivid blues and royal purples of King Tut's tomb seemed like the brilliance and tone of Maxfield Parrish. Thus I learned to prepare everlasting colors as these ancient peoples prepared them.

"From the hills of Alabama I gathered the sticky, red mud. The junk heap yielded me old iron; chromic acid came from my chemical stores, although both the iron and chromic acid could be easily prepared from the raw materials of the Alabama hills. Then I did something unknown or unused by our modern scientists. This I called sextuple oxidation and reduction. By this unknown process, the Egyptians created their lasting colors. This intermittent oxidation and reduction is carried on six times. You see, oxidation means adding oxygen, while reduction means taking it away, so that each time I added oxygen there was a change in color of my Alabama earth; then as I took away some oxygen another change took place. So on until I had done this six times—and suddenly there before me was my King Tut blue."

This blue pigment is a brilliant blue, fresh and vital. One of the large paint companies speaks of it as being seventy-four times bluer than the bluest blue.

Another product stands upon Dr. Carver's laboratory shelf as a tribute to his genius; it is a purple powder, delicate and breathtaking, of that Royal shade of the artisans of King Tut's time. This purple was derived by nonyl oxidation and reduction or, in other words, from the blue pigment and by continuing the intermittent oxidation and reduction.

"How long will the paint last, Dr. Carver, without losing its tone?"

"As long as the Alabama hills from which it came."

Dr. Carver is not a man to flaunt his success. His reticence and shyness is not necessarily modesty; rather it is the "true humility of greatness." As one walking humbly with his God, he feels his work is but the manifestations of "Mister Creator," who works His will through him.

"It is through the many things He has made that the Creator reveals Himself to us and it is given to us to know more abundantly as we search for Him among His creations."

"Getting by" still worries him, for some strange reason. Probably it is because, in spite of all the laurels and honors that have been heaped upon him, he is still the most modest and unassuming man in America. He has "gotten by" in a big way, yet he wonders why it is that people think he is such a great man. That is a true sign of greatness.

Mr. Henry Ford, who knows greatness, character and ability when he sees it, rates Dr. Carver pretty high; he recently asked the Wizard of Tuskegee to come to Detroit and assist in his experiments with synthetic rubber. Although quite feeble, the great Negro accepted, and conferred with Mr. Ford. Then he turned back to his more leisurely work of studying clay and peanuts at Tuskegee. He wants to produce yet more wonders from these commonplaces of God, before he is through.

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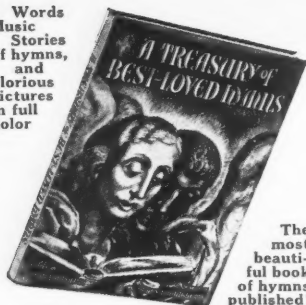
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(Continued from page 25)

common folk. No really thoughtful patriot can contemplate without alarm the dreadful fact that today, in our own America, there are more than fifteen million young persons who have received and are receiving no religious instruction whatever. Out of their ranks come the ominous host of juvenile criminals. Among them is no understanding of the great spiritual verities which have made America. The shattering collapse of morality and refinement and domesticity which has marked the past twenty-five years will continue and increase unless we can bring to bear the teachings of the Bible upon these vagrant lives.

Practically, this ominous situation should set the laity and the clergy to strengthening and increasing the Sunday Schools of the land. A little resolute and organized effort—legitimately a part of war preparedness—should double the present enrollment of Sunday School teachers and pupils. No new machinery is required. The Sunday School is everywhere. So are the possible new members. All that this great task requires is that Christian men and women should exert themselves to bring every reachable boy and girl, man and woman, under the influence of the regular teaching of the Bible. Is not this the Church's greatest present task? The Book fits the day's need as though it were made for it.

Methods of Bible study are many. Back of them all lies the simple obligation to read it as a message meant for plain people. There is much to be said for the memorizing of particular passages, and many Christians get vital help from such topical collections of verses as "Daily Light," a Bagster publication. Devotional booklets mostly commonplace, and no substitute for the Bible itself.

While committing precious passages to memory, one should read and re-read and read yet again entire books at a sitting—beginning with Mark's Gospel, and moving on to the Acts, and then varying the other Gospels and Epistles with the Psalms and the Old Testament historical books. There is no bedtime book equal to the Psalms, which are more up to date than yesterday's best-selling novel.

Common sense is as essential an equipment in reading the Bible as a concordance or a Bible dictionary. Aside from constant contemplation of the love of God as revealed in His Son Jesus Christ as man's only Saviour, the theme of present study should be the will of God for individuals and for nations in this present crisis. This Book alone gives the key to the riddle of a world gone mad.

If, as Scripture makes clear, justice and righteousness and mercy and liberty and love are of the very essence of the nature and revealed will of God, then we have a sure foundation for a post-war "New Order." If repentance and contrition and confession of sin are pre-requisites to the Father's favor, then we know the path we must follow to secure His aid in this war. The first and last step in real preparedness is to learn from the Scriptures what God would have us do—and then to do it.

Of the Bible and the times one may say, as my preacher friend cried in Palestine, "It fits! It fits!!"

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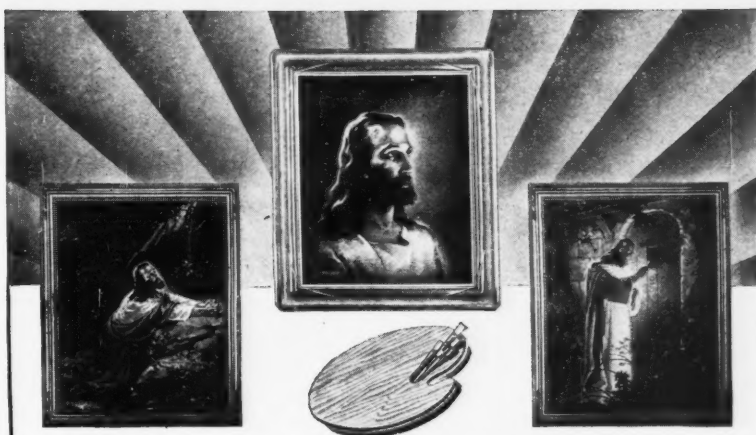
(Continued from page 29)

would be of inestimable help to your nation, struggling as our beloved country now is, to keep things normal for its growing-up younger generation and at the same time, fight for its very life. Why shouldn't you? The effort required would not at all be to give up lively shindigs—we elders prize your high spirits as much as you do—but to put into your brain a double track with a switch on it, so that you can shut off an attack of feeling like monkey-shines, for maybe forty minutes, or even an hour or so, till you are on a playground or its equivalent. This is what you will absolutely need to do in the world of grown-up effort, in any field of work—and you are very close at your age, to the requirements of the grown-up world.

It might surprise you, if you asked practical people, experienced in business and professional work about this, to have every one of them tell you that you couldn't do a better thing for yourselves, than thus to serve your country by building up the great institution of democratic public instruction. Things often go that way. You often find that to do what is the right thing for other people, is the very best thing for you yourself. It is certainly the plainest statement of fact to say that you cannot have a better character-recommendation than to have it known of you that you can be absolutely relied on to work during working hours, and leave till later the fooling around, idling and cutting capers. To have that reputation is better for your prospects in life than any other one qualification. It's fine to be clever, and quick-witted, to be musically or mechanically gifted, to be athletic, or magnetic, or specially good at math. But the first basic qualification is character, and the basis of character is this ability to give your full attention and effort to what you are doing, at the hours when you are doing it. Any employer would, if he were sure that you could do this, just this alone, give you a chance at almost any job to show what your other qualifications are. And he'd be much more certain to open the door to you than to a brilliant personality, who can't be counted on to keep his mind on the job.

So you see you would be advancing your own prospects for the best kind of success, as well as serving your country's vital interests, if you could, by putting this one simple rule into practice, make teaching what it should be, the imparting and absorbing of vital information you will need in grown-up life, instead of a sort of animal-tamer's stunt of cowing a bunch of wild animals and teaching them a few tricks. You'd be making a vast, golden, irreplaceably valuable Christmas present to our nation at war.

You're smart enough to do it. You are old enough to do it. It is perfectly obvious to anyone who has been in first-hand contact with you, that you want to do your duty by your country—when you know what it is—as much as anybody else, maybe more ardently and generously than many older Americans. Well, here's your chance. I can't imagine why none of the millions of citizens outside of those schools for which we pay so high, ever seriously ask you to.



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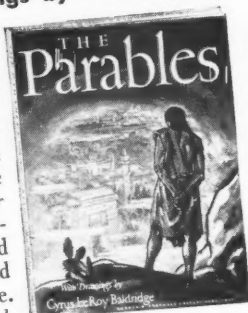
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N. Y.

NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



The Day Must Dawn, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. (483 pp., Macmillan Co., \$2.75.) One of the greatest American stories of the decade! From the standpoint of *Christian Herald*, it has everything. It belongs in your library and in the library of your church. It is more than the romance of pioneer life in western Pennsylvania; it is America on the march. The characters have both intimate and heroic proportions. Historically the novel is authentic, and it lifts the author higher than ever in the ranks of American authors. One of the greatest of its great moments is the communion service in the frontier church.

Christmas, (Augsburg Publishing House, \$1.00.) The distinguished and exquisitely beautiful publication of the Augsburg Publishing House is again the most beautiful in its field. Each edition of this volume has been different in all art and story material, save for the Christmas Gospel from the Scriptures, which is always the same. We receive it again as a masterpiece of typographical skill and color reproduction. The American theme dominates the volume. There is a story on Christmas celebrations in the White House from George Washington to Roosevelt. The short articles include "The Grand Canyon at Christmas," "The Nation's Christmas Tree," and "Alaska." Here is ideal Christmas literature.

Napoleon at the Channel, by Carola Oman. (316 pp., Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.) Even as Hitler came to the channel, so Napoleon came more than a century before, and even as Napoleon stopped at the channel so Hitler found it an impassable barrier. This volume tells with dramatic power the story of Napoleon's struggle to conquer an unconquerable people. A book for any time, it is peculiarly a book for the present.

They Were Expendable, by W. L. White. (209 pp., Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.00.) This is the story of the Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron that wrote the most thrilling chapter in the story of Manila Bay. Squadron Three has its immortals; their names will stand high on the prideful record-books of their country. But we shall long remember how shamefully inadequate was the preparedness and the support that we gave them. They saw shells bursting ten thousand feet beneath enemy planes. It is not pleasant reading for some senators and representatives in Washington.

The Seed Beneath the Snow, by Ignazio Silone. (360 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$2.75.) This great novel from the pen of the author of "Bread and Wine" and "Fotamaro" is again the story of Mussolini's prostrate Italy, but now there is the note of coming victory. Fascism grows old and a little decrepit; sinister still but definitely more ridiculous. Dona Maria Vincenza is a remarkable woman in any race and those who move with and about her are vividly alive. Within these pages we hear the tramp of freedom's feet. The greater German partner in crime grows anxious and the spirit of democracy is "Seed Beneath the Snow."

We're In This With Russia, by Wallace Carroll. (264 pp., Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2.00.) The author believes that we must and can do business with Stalin. He also believes, and convincingly states the case, that we must learn from mistakes of the past by listening to the men who know the facts. He went to Moscow with the question, "What policy should America and Britain pursue toward Russia now and after the war?" This volume is the answer to that question. Among the questions raised and answered in the book are the following: "Would Stalin try to create a Soviet Europe after the war?", "Would he try to promote the world revolution?", "Is Russia going toward the Right?", "Did Chamberlain try to double-cross Stalin?", "What is the outlook for the people in Russia?", etc., etc.

DECEMBER 1942

Dr. Poling selects among "the best of the year"

FIRST!

THE DAY MUST DAWN

by Agnes Sligh Turnbull

"So real, so moving, so direct and sincere that it seems a living thing."
—N. Y. Times. \$2.75.

THIRD!

AND NOW TOMORROW

by Rachel Field

"I cannot imagine a woman in America—regardless of age—who will not be happier for having read it."—Los Angeles Times. \$2.75.

at all bookstores. The Macmillan Company, New York

No Surrender, by Martha Albrand. (299 pp., Atlantic, Little, Brown, \$2.50.) The most convincing story I have yet read of resistance to Hitler in occupied Europe. The principal character, a distinguished Dutch patriot, selected for the Quisling role by the invader, accepts the role and plays it so successfully that even his young and beautiful American wife is deceived. He suffers her growing shame and distress, risks his life at the hand of former friends as well as with the foe. He hoodwinks the Dictator and helps keep Holland battling for freedom. While every page is stirring and vital, this book is a relief from horror tales that find not one decent or half decent German in the lot.

Pageant of India, by F. Yeats-Brown. (304 pp., Macrae-Smith Co., \$2.50.) Unbelievably adequate is this volume, which purports to contain within its three hundred pages "The forces which have shaped her (India's) past, the personalities who guide her present and the prospect of her future." Everything from prehistoric India up to now is to be found within these backs. The writing is in the best style of the author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Leaves of Healing, by Archer Wallace. (168 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.) These devotional meditations, generally of six pages each, close with a brief prayer. Each is written with sympathy and understanding. Every chapter is intelligently illustrated. The author, incidentally, will do the Daily Meditations in *Christian Herald* in 1943.

The Upward Way, by Samuel Smith Drury. (104 pp., Atlantic, Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.) One of the finest volumes for devotional reading that I have yet seen. The paragraphs are incisive and brief. They will be found equally helpful by young and old. I particularly commend them to young people. Dr. Drury, the author, was one of the greatest headmasters in American school history. Equally great he was in the field of practical, dynamic religion.

On the Way, by Alvin N. Rogness. Illustrated by George Runge. (146 pp., Augsburg Publishing House, .40.) Here is a volume that is an intimate discussion between the author and imagined groups of young people of the particulars of Christian faith and life which come alive in the Bible. It has a vital quality which makes it equally valuable for either personal reading and study or class use. It closes with Luther's smaller catechism.

The Harvey Girls, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. (327 pp., Random House, \$2.50.) To those Americans who know the Harvey Houses and Harvey meals of the Sante Fe System in the great Southwest, this book will be another homecoming week. It is vivid, authentic and a romance of salt and iron. The Harvey System had also a system for looking after its waitresses, who were more precious than gold.

Angel Mo' and her Son, Roland Hayes, by MacKinley Helm. (289 pp., Atlantic, Little, Brown, \$2.75.) No story of finer
(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

courage has appeared in a generation. The life of Roland Hayes is an epic of the America to be. Significant of a great artist's profound understanding are these words: "Tragedy may stalk our houses, but comedy lives handily around the corner . . . Violence sometimes emerges from our teeming quarters and ranges our streets peering with fierce confusion, impartial to life and death . . . but give him elbow room and he will share his sidewalk with politeness. As my angel mother used to say, 'some of us are Christian folks, and some of us are vagabonds, but all of us are people'."

Look to the Mountain, by LeGrand Cannon, Jr. Henry Holt, 565 pp. \$2.75. This novel of early New Hampshire as no other story since my boyhood experience with Cooper's *LEATHER STOCKING TALES* has created in me the illusion of being alive and present when it all happened. At once simple and profound, it is a monumental work in the library of pioneer America. The characters are living, achieving men and women. The love story is filled with qualities of the sublime. Sooner or later you will read this book—if you wait you will regret that it was not sooner!

MacArthur of Bataan, by Helen Nicolay. (188 pp., D. Appleton-Century, \$1.75.) A book of inspiration for every person who knows in any degree the pressure of this war—and that means every person. General Douglas MacArthur is generally regarded as a miracle-worker in the field of national defense, and this biography fully justifies that belief.

The Spiritual Life, by Edgar Sheffield Brightman. (218 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00.) In this volume the "spirit" is given its true place at the very heart of Christian experience. Some of the questions answered are: "What is the Spirit", "Is the Spirit personal, Is it social, Is it divine?" The final note is a trumpet of hope and victory.

Man Discovers God, by Sherwood Eddy. (270 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$2.50.) The author has gone into all fields—history, philosophy, religion and science—to discover and release prophetic voices that have found God. It is a library of religion.

The Practice of the Christian Life, by Edwin Lewis. (151 pp., Westminster Press, \$1.00.) Here is a very fine summary of the particulars of Christianity. These pages contain what one wise Christian believes a Christian should know and do. It is a particularly clear outline of Christian beliefs and a schedule for living the Christian life today.

Snowden's Sunday School Lessons—1942, by Earl Leroy Douglass. (388 pp., Macmillan Co., \$1.50.) The author edits the Sunday School lessons with a veritable genius for condensation. For me, the volume is significantly the best in its field.


As the Twig is Bent, by Richard Welling. (296 pp., G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.00.) Here is an intimate life story, an autobiography, that covers with dramatic vigor the last six decades of American life. Here may be found courage for democracy's fight for existence. At eighty-four the author is still leading the National Self-government Committee. His interests have been and continue to be universal, and his closest friends were formed among the great of his time.

A Primer for Teachers, by Margaret Slattery. (141 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$1.25.) One of the most prominent writers in the field of religious education and one of the most competent instructors of youth has written ten studies in methods and goals of religious education. Among the chapters are "Somebody taught a child", "Imagination", "Technique", "Worship of God", "Service to Man", "Ideas are dynamite", etc.

Your Child's Religion, by Mildred and Frank Eakin. (169 pp., Macmillan Co., \$1.75.) The best little volume that has appeared in its field for a decade. Church leaders, public school teachers and parents will find it invaluable.

The Shorter Moffatt Bible. (327 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$2.00.) It is just that. All that has been said of the greatest modern translation of the Bible may be said now about this shorter edition which has been edited to present the Bible's "matchless religious power."

DECEMBER 1942



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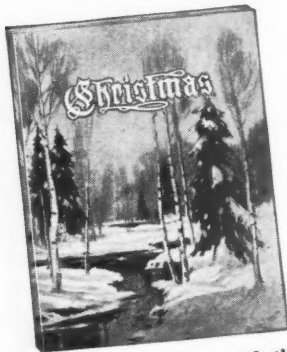
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Books I Liked Best

By Daniel A. Poling

Of the more than two hundred and fifty books I have reviewed since last December I have "liked best" these twelve:

THE DAY MUST DAWN, by Agnes Turnbull. Macmillan Co.

One of the greatest American Stories of the decade. It is America on the march.

THE RAFT, by Robert Trumbull. Henry Holt Company

The most remarkable book that has appeared on either side of the Atlantic since the beginning of the war.

AND NOW TOMORROW, by Rachel Field. Macmillan Co.

An American Saga of both sides of the track.

TIME OF PEACE, by Ben Ames Williams. Houghton Mifflin

A monumental novel of America's growing understanding and maturing purpose.

THE WORLD AT MY FINGERTIPS, by Karsten Ohnstad. Bobbs-Merrill

Captured on the first page, I wept and laughed to the last chapter.

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA, by Samuel E. Morison. Little, Brown

Perhaps the finest historical writing done in the United States since the immortal Parkman.

PRAYER, by George A. Buttrick. Abingdon-Cokesbury

The greatest book on prayer since a young man named Fosdick wrote *The Meaning of Prayer*, forty years ago.

CHRISTIAN EUROPE TODAY, by Adolph Keller. Harper Bros.

The most important volume in the Church library of the year.

PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Doubleday Doran

A source library for the peace makers.

THE MEDITERRANEAN: SAGA OF A SEA, by Emil Ludwig. Whittlesey

A noble work vast in all its proportions. When it marches all the bugles sound.

THE ROBE, by Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton-Mifflin

The author has brought to the most dramatic of his stories every quality that has given him first place in his field.

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN, by LeGrand Cannon, Jr. Henry Holt.

This is a monumental work in the library of pioneer America.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling says:

The national best seller by the author of "One Foot in Heaven."

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"As a preacher's son and as the father of preacher sons I have laughed with those who laughed and wept with those who wept—in these pages tears and laughter are never far apart."

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"One of the most thought-provoking and outstanding novels of this or any other time. He has done a masterful job and his inspiring word-picture of the rising tide of Christian faith in the months immediately following the crucifixion is one never to be forgotten." *Philadelphia Inquirer* \$2.75

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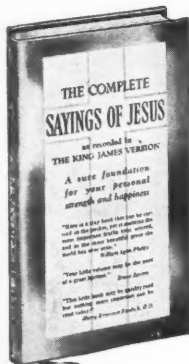
If a man love me, he will keep my words.

John 14 : 23

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FORWARD MARCH WITH THE CHURCH

By Bert H. Davis

Edited by Stanley B. Vandersall

I. Manpower for the Church

Week of December 6

AMERICAN soldiers who have a chance to look about in England know that the Christian Church is more than a building, more than an altar, more than a minister!

A growing number of the men who make use of these discussion helps have left far behind them the glistening white chapels of the Army post. Men in uniform, a part of the world-wide Christian Church, gather for worship nowadays in strangely new surroundings. The chaplain comes to them by automobile trailer or in a jeep or foot. Men of the Navy are getting farther and farther away from snug harbor and drydock.

From Christian Endeavor's present program of objectives and activities, in which young people throughout North America are sharing, the following suggestions on the business of the Church have been adapted:

To provide personal Christian experience and growth, through open commitment to Jesus Christ as Saviour and acceptance of the way of the Christian life.

To promote Church loyalty and Christian fellowship, by such means as education, evangelism, church attendance, and church financial support.

To put Christianity into action, by encouraging a practical, day-by-day relation between Christian principles and personal and group conduct.

To help to make our nation Christian, through training and activities in Christian citizenship, support of home missionary work, and good will toward minority races and groups.

To help to make our world Christian, by preserving freedom, overcoming aggression, and creating peace and justice.

II. Task Objectives for the Church

Week of December 13

In the "Forward March" of the Church of Christ there are *tasks* or *missions* which the situation of the times demands. Those are words of familiar importance to military men. They mean business! The task objectives are carried out even if the costs are great and the losses heavy.

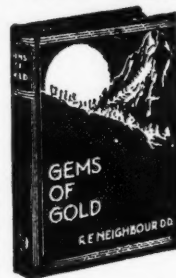
There are missions which the Christian Church has carried forward, which risked the very life of the Church but which a force chartered and founded by Jesus Christ could not consider refusing.

You will think of some—and here are others, as compiled by Dr. Frank G. Beardsley in "The Fruits of Christianity" (American Tract Society):

"Christianity has given to the world a new conception of the dignity and worth of humanity. . . . Rights and privileges for women are accepted as a matter of course in Christian lands. . . . Christianity has fostered hospitals, schools, and humane prisons. . . . It awakened public conscience to the iniquity of slavery. . . .

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Although Christianity does not prescribe any particular form of government, the influence of its teachings tends to secure equal justice for all."

In the security of the civilian routine men took these benefits for granted—together with soft beds, smooth roads, and freedom of choice on most matters. Like the just and enduring peace which is an American objective in this war, the attainments in freedom and in civilization come by sacrifice. The price is high!

III. Skills and Talents for the Church Week of December 20

So great is America's resource of man power that the individual soldier or seaman may often feel like asking himself, "Could this war be won without me?" His answer is likely to be a frank "Yes!"

So why does the individual's part count so heavily?

Big and awesome as the Christian Church may be, *each man's gifts* and *each man's duties* are important in its forward march.

Paul, in I Cor. 12:12-31, states principles well known to successful business enterprises and to efficient armies. *Specialized talents* which are successfully coordinated, in time and space, with the well-planned work of others will accomplish great deeds.

But in Christian Endeavor, as in the forward march of the Church, each member may be charged with special responsibilities which fit into the total task.

Notice how many types of special skill can be used in this one phase of a Unit's work. Of course the Church has even wider opportunities for the pianist, organist, instrumentalist, vocalist, leader of music, composer, writer for lyrics, teacher of elementary music to children, and so on.

IV. Marching Orders for the Church Week of December 27

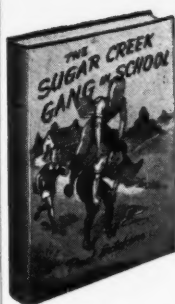
In the new contacts that come about in military life, Christian men face the opportunity to win recruits to Christ and the Church. Many Americans who have not been seeking the Church and its Master and Saviour find, in Army and Navy life, a quicker and more direct way to make the approach.

Chaplains and civilian ministers alike are already talking together about what evangelistic successes in the armed forces should mean to the peacetime Church. After the war, Christians must work together to make it easier for the one who hasn't accepted Christ to know about Him and to get acquainted with the Church with no embarrassing difficulties.

Through the ages the Christian faith has been spoken of as a continuing battle or crusade against sin and selfishness. "Onward Christian Soldiers" is a hymn for the civilian as well as for the uniformed defender of civilization.

The chaplain is equipped to *receive* the new Christian, to help to *inspire* him in the choice he has made and to *instruct* him in both personal and group action that the Church must have from its members.

The Church itself is "in training." In the world are enough declared Christians to meet "the cry of the world for friendship" if their training and their skill in coordinating their efforts were adequate.



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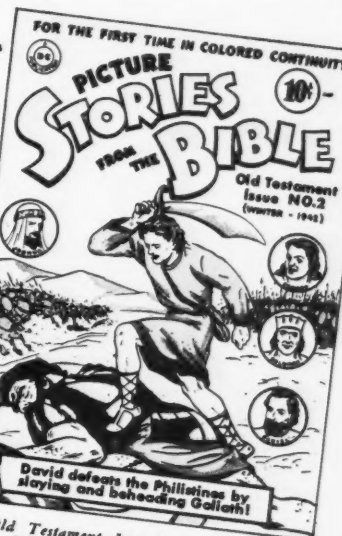
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(Continued from page 40)
others, who had discovered the path.

Teach us, O Lord, the secret by which our souls may be blessed by Thee. Then shall Thy joy be ours, and ours to share. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16

"HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF GOD."
READ MATTHEW 7:15-21.

ONE of those shrewd observers who sometimes amaze us, says that our people belong to two classes. They reveal their character by their attitude to the serious business of life. When offered some job, they do one of two things: they either turn up their sleeves—or their noses! That may seem too severe. Yet our Lord did not leave us in doubt about true discipleship. It is not in saying, but in doing.

Only Thou canst help us to realize our hopes for our Christian life, and Thy purpose. Give us Thy grace this day. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17

"OUR FATHERS TRUSTED IN THEE."
READ PSALM 22:1-8.

THE motto which is found on several of our coins sprang from Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury in 1861. He felt that, owing all as we do to the beneficent care of God, there should be some national acknowledgment of that debt. On the Lincoln penny, the Jefferson nickel, the dime, and quarter, we may carry unthinkingly in our pocket we have a sure antidote for panic, fears, and distrust.

Help us, O God, that we may believe in and count on Thee for Thy help.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18

"I HAVE CLEANSED MY HEART IN VAIN."
READ PSALM 73:1-14.

A NOTED violinist, meeting the editor of the local paper, complained that, in reporting his recent recital, the fact that he was playing a Stradivarius violin was not mentioned, although he had requested it. "When the Stradivarius people advertise their fiddles with us, like other people," said the editor, "we will give them a write-up—but not before." Why do we serve God? For self-interest, or in grateful and believing love?

Arouse in us a desire to do the right for Thy sake, and to serve as expressing our genuine love. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19

"BLESSED IS THE NATION WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD."
READ PSALM 33:1-12.

THE prosecuting attorney of one of our great cities says that if we were to

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repeal all the regulatory laws which have been placed on our statute books, and get back to the Ten Commandments, enforcing them wisely and fully, we would shortly become the most law-abiding nation in the world.

Help us as individual believers, O Father, to obey Thy known will. So shall life be strong, safe, and serene. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20

"SPIKENARD VERY COSTLY."
READ JOHN 12:1-8.

TO CONSERVE our resources and avoid waste are necessary. Yet there is a mistaken idea abroad that what we give to religious causes, what we offer to Christ in personal service and devotion, are really wasted substance or effort. Waste? If Christ does not merit the best, who does?

Move our hearts ever to offer Thee, O Lord, the best we have in effort, time, and money. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21

"DO ALL IN THE NAME."
READ COLOSSIANS 3:12-17.

SOME who work do so by the clock. They are afraid of doing too much. Others work against the clock. They are afraid of being found with their task incomplete. Glad is the heart that finds every duty a means of putting its faith to work by putting it into the work.

O Thou who knewest the lowly tasks of the carpenter's shop, help us to do all things as in Thy sight. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22

"HE MIGHT HAVE THE PREEMINENCE."
READ COLOSSIANS 1:10-18.

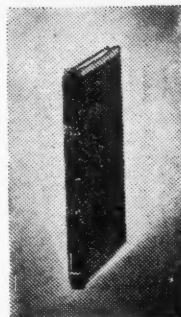
IT ACTUALLY happened. A business man and his son were driving to the city by automobile. The car skidded on the slick road, and went over a ten-foot embankment. If they stayed to get the car righted, it would mean that both would be late for their work. They left the car, and took a street-car for the rest of the journey. Rather than break faith with a client, the man felt that loyalty to Christ required the unusual.

Only by Thy grace, divine Master, can we hold Thine honor safe. Help us to glorify Thee today. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23

"THE THINGS WHICH GOD HATH PREPARED."
READ I CORINTHIANS 2:6-12.

THE little fellow, having written his requirements to Santa, hurriedly des-



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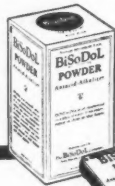
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patched a second letter. "I want to put in a new order quick, as I have just found all the things which I asked you for under the bed in the spare room." Whatever was there, it lacked the lovely element of surprise. But the heavenly Father holds His choicest gifts in store.

In loving trust, let us live, dear Lord, assured that Thou wilt never betray our confidence. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

READ GALATIANS 5:16-26.

IN LIGHTER vein, A. L. Lipmann writes, "I do not think I'll ever be much help around a Christmas tree. . . . Poems are made by fools like me, but only women can trim a tree." But that also suggests the striking difference between putting things on a tree, and those which a tree puts on itself. The Christian does not put things on. The fruit of the Spirit comes from the heart within.

Enable us, through Thy grace, so to manifest the love, sympathy, and forbearance which shall bless other lives. In Christ's name, Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25

"PEACE ON EARTH. GOOD WILL TO MEN."

READ LUKE 2:8-14.

CHRISTMAS comes again to a troubled world. That thought was shared by Longfellow. "I thought how as the day had come, the belfries of all Christendom had rolled along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men." He felt how inaccurate that seemed, for there were hatred and strife among men. But "then pealed the bells more loud and deep: 'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!' The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, with peace on earth, good will to men." Thanks be to God for the unquenchable hope of Christmas.

We thank Thee, O God, for Thy Son who became man like unto us that we might become like Him. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26

"WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS."

READ PROVERBS 3:11-17.

MANY of us have a suspicion that obedience and gloom are synonymous terms. Franklin thought differently. Let him tell us: "Let no pleasure tempt thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example lure thee to do anything thou knowest to be evil. So shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual merry Christmas."

Lead us into that full belief in Thy loving wisdom, O God, by which life may be rendered joyous indeed. Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27

"CAN YE? . . . WE CAN . . . YE SHALL."

READ MARK 10:35-45.

THOSE two disciples at least had a great aspiration. That is something. To

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aspire to make the best of life is commendable. Granting that James and John asked much, Christ pointed out that every benefit entails its cost. Could they meet it? They replied that they could.

Stir us up, O Master, to desire the utmost that life can yield. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28

"THERE IS A RIVER."
READ PSALM 46:1-7.

THE great hydroelectric works would be helpless if the waters were fed to them in a trickle, instead of in mighty volume. Life would be richer if we would let our love pour forth. So fill every day to the brim with loving service for Christ.

Fill our souls with such a sense of life's importance, and of our privileges, O Lord, that our lives may prove effective for Thy glory. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29

"PATIENCE WORKETH EXPERIENCE."
READ ROMANS 5:1-10.

DICKENS suffered many deprivations as a child. He knew what it was to wish vainly for care and training. He knew the pinch of poverty, and the hardships of labor. Yet in later days, his writings abounded with sympathy for the underprivileged. He had become enriched through his experiences.

Help us to learn life's lessons that true wisdom may be ours; and sympathy, that we may help others. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US."
READ I SAMUEL 7:8-13.

THE Israelites were counseled to erect their stone of remembrance. That God had helped them would be ground for gratitude. Much the same reason caused the fathers of Massachusetts to take the codfish as the emblem of their state. That fish saved them from starvation. Looking back over another year, what manifold grounds have we to remember the gracious mercies of our God!

Eternal God, who hast been ever mindful of us, grant us to hold Thee in grateful remembrance. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31

"SO TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS."
READ PSALM 90:4-12.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN used to say, "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words: industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money." Translate that counsel which has to do with mundane things, and apply it to the spiritual. There lies the secret of effective living.

Grant unto us the discerning heart and the responsive life. Help us to live more devotedly for Thee. Amen.

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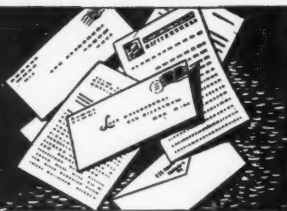
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We open our MAIL



Going, Going . . .

Dear Editor:

In my long years of reading the *Christian Herald*, I have never before had a complaint to make. But in the October issue, on page 51, there is the most disgraceful advertisement I have ever seen. It is a Pyrex ad, and it shows a woman holding up a big juicy piece of roast beef. Well, in our camp, no less than twenty men deserted after seeing that, and it is bad for the morale of every man in the service . . . I suggest you delete such ads in the future.

Yours truly,
Gene

P.S.: Please don't take my complaint too seriously. We have plenty of good food, but I had to complain to somebody because the sergeant just will not listen to me. . .

This one comes from the former office-boy at *Christian Herald*, now a soldier in the U. S. Army; it brings the war pretty close. We give it to our readers so they can know that the staff of *Christian Herald* reads the magazine, religiously. . .

He's In the Army Now

(Telegram):

At sundown I was sworn in as a private in the Army. I'll be proud and happy to wear the uniform that gives me the opportunity to serve God and country.

Charles Zingaro

This one hits home, too; Mr. Zingaro is the artist who illustrated "Paddlewheels Churning" and the Doc Torrey stories, and in this December issue he gave us the glorious pictures illustrating Hermann Hagedorn's "The Hour of the Stars." We hate war, when it takes artists like this.

Attitudes

Beatrice, Alabama

Dear Dr. Poling:

"That the negro is still a slave" (the italic is mine) are words which I read in the current issue of *Christian Herald*, and they are the reason that this letter is being written. When I read those words, I thought, "And so are you." You are a slave to the custom and tradition made popular by your ancestors who hated Negroes, except for the work they could do and the wealth they could amass for them. . . . The Negro could hate you for this and many other similar expressions of your prejudiced attitude, but many of us are sorry for you. . . . You write about hate—how it works like a boomerang—but you don't recognize it in your own hands. . . . It is strange that you try to follow all the rules of grammar to the letter until what seems to you a little honor or recognition of a descendent of a slave is in-

volved . . . and then . . . Old Man Hate reigns supreme, and we read "negro."

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Adela Bacon

Reader Bacon is right in demanding a capital "N" for "Negro." But she is quite in error in accusing *Christian Herald* and Dr. Poling of hatred and intolerance, etc., etc., because of compositor's failure to use a capital. Such an error does not indicate any prejudice whatever on anyone's part—particularly on the part of the *Herald* and Dr. Poling, both of whom have spent their lives thus far preaching down intolerance and advocating a fair deal for the Negro. This is typical of many a letter coming across our desk; frankly, we rather resent anyone reading into our words something that is not there.

Another Attitude

Grimes, Iowa

Dear Editor:

I am sending in \$2.00 to pay my subscription for *Christian Herald* for two years. I have long been a subscriber to *Christian Herald* and I like its attitude on most questions of the day. However, as a churchman I cannot reconcile its stand and that of Dr. Poling with the teachings of our common Master regarding war. A Christian should lead the world in his advocacy of peace and brotherhood and many ministers and churches are doing little of that. Most are either silent or justifying the present awful conflict. I am praying for a victory for God's righteousness and for a better world, and also for a better America.

Respectfully yours,
T. C. Eller
(Check Enclosed)

Here is another attitude. Note that she disagrees with the attitude on war, but "check is enclosed." This is the sort of letter we read twice—and we try to govern ourselves accordingly.

Still Another Attitude

Valparaiso, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I must take this opportunity to tell you of my appreciation of your fine paper; I wish I could send it to every home in this country. The News Digest is so complete with information on so many subjects—and no cigarette ads, no beer ads! In the stories no hero or heroine reaches for a cigarette. Such a comfort! I enjoy every page.

Gratefully yours,
Nellie F. Noble

And this is another attitude. Be it said here, for the sake of justice, that letters like this outnumber the

others about ten to one. They make the editor feel there is some excuse for his living, after all.

Patriotism

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Editor:

Last Friday morning at 4:30 I waited for almost an hour for a trolley car to take me home from work, after an all-night "wildcat strike" of street-car men, and as I rode home on the first car to make the run, crowded in with many men going to work late as a result of the strike, I thought at every stop I would be in a riot. The crowd certainly vented their extended patriotism for "holding up the war." One man said, "You fellows are holding up the whole war production of Cleveland for a few dollars, while my two boys are out there fighting for you for \$50.00 a month. . . ."

Rev. Samuel W. Smith

We share his sentiments—and we'd like to shake the hand of the man with the two boys. Given a more universal distribution of him, winning the war would be a lot easier than it is now.

Rebuttal

New York City

Dear Editor:

My indignation will not permit me to keep still.

If Mrs. Hazel Hudson of Shelton, Washington (November, *Christian Herald*) thinks she is a Christian, she is sadly mistaken. There are many people in Hollywood who live more Christian lives than some folks elsewhere. . . .

Mrs. Hudson should read her Bible more carefully and note the part about casting the "first stone" . . . "Judge not, lest ye be judged." And one must remember the story of Mary Magdalene, the sinner, whose love of God finally won.

Miss I. Rohde

'Nuff said.

Profanity

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

No doubt you have noticed the increased use of profanity and vulgar language used over the radio, in the movies and in so many newspapers. The "gunner's oath," taken by a (training) class, was broadcast a short time ago; a part of it was, "I will be the best damned gunner. . . ." What is causing this downward trend? . . . and what can be done about it?

Sincerely,
R. A. Bailey

It is a disgusting trend. There seems to be, in the most "respectable" circles, a new admiration of profanity; it is "the mucker pose," in which otherwise decent people seem to think it smart to blaspheme like a Hottentot. So far as profanity in the armed services is concerned, remember that George Washington once stalked out of a banquet (given in his honor!) when his officers began to curse, and that he said to them later, "We can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly." He spoke—and speaks—for every true soldier, sailor and Marine.



THEY ARE LIKE HELPLESS CHILDREN

LONG days of toil have reaped them no harvest; long years of love and care of family have earned them no comfort and ease in their old age—all they can hope for is patience and charity. Without family or friend, outliving their usefulness in a machine world, the old men of poverty are most to be pitied. True that among them there may be some who never have amounted to anything, but now is not the time for questions—their work in the world is done, their usefulness at an end.

New York takes care of its old men IF they have lived in the state for twenty years or more: the old men the Bowery Mission serves are far from their native town—driven in the despair of poverty or tragedy they have traveled far from the place of their birth.

It is no unusual sight to see an old man walking the streets of this city burdened with his entire wardrobe—wearing everything his body can stand and carrying the balance of his world's goods in his pockets and in a newspaper-wrapped bundle.

If you search his pockets you will find a piece of hard, stale bread, a discolored piece of meat—where did they come from? Some garbage pail left at a basement door. Walk down any city street after dark and you will see men, usually old men hopefully searching your barrel of dis-



HELP US GIVE THE LITTLE THEY ASK: KEEP THE MISSION'S FIRE GOING SO THAT THEY MAY FEEL ITS HEAT; KEEP OUR LARDER FULL SO THAT THEY MAY EAT. LET THIS PLEA REACH YOU, TOUCH YOUR HEART, FOR THEY ARE AS HELPLESS CHILDREN, THESE HOMELESS OLD MEN.

carded food. Can you imagine what it would mean to have rest from this constant search for food? To know the peace and comfort of a place they could call their own?

Should one of these old men knock at your door, you would give him a bite to eat and search your clothes closet for some piece of wearing apparel he very badly needs. They are knocking at the door of your Mission and we haven't the heart to turn them away. They ask for so little: to be allowed to sit by the heat of our fire; to rest in the ease of our reading room.

Not all these old men would be content to settle in one spot for the rest of their days, not the rovers nor the mentally sick; but your Bowery Mission is a welcome spot even to them.

**BOWERY MISSION, BUSINESS OFFICE
419 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

1.

I want you to invite these old men into your Mission and make comfortable their few remaining days. Here is my contribution.....

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ADDRESS.....

Send all contributions to our business office. We have given no one the right to make collections for us.

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NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Appropriate Place

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

—The Clearing House.

Brief

"He's a man of few words, you know."
"Yes, so he's been telling me all afternoon."

—Exchange.

Successful

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."
"And you found it?"
"Well, rather; I'm in the hole now."

—Exchange.

Oh!

Customer (in drugstore): I want a small pink tablet.

Druggist: What's your trouble?

Customer: I want to write a letter.

—Kablegrams.

Convincing Story

Fisherman: "I tell you it was that long. I never saw such a fish!"

Friend: "I believe you."

—Exchange.

Accurate Description

Chief of Police—Can you give a description of your missing cashier?

Banker—He was about five feet, five inches tall and \$7,000 short.

—Lookout.

Timely Reminder

Host: Talking about Africa makes me think of the time—

Bored Guest: Good gracious, you're quite right! I had no idea it was so late. Good-by.

—Atlanta Two Bells.

They Sure Change

Mrs. Brown—How children's tastes do change.

Mrs. White—Yes, when my two were small, Johnny just loved soldiers and Mary was crazy for brightly colored dolls. Now Mary is crazy about soldiers and John runs after every painted doll he sees.

—Exchange.

Diplomatic

Housewife: "Why should a big strong man like you be out, begging?"

Hobo: "Well, lady, it's the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman like you without an introduction."

—Watchword.

All-British

English Rector—Good morning, Thompson. I hear you have a son and heir.

Thompson—Yes, sir. Our household now represents the United Kingdom.

Rector—How is that?

Thompson—Why, you see, I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is Scotch and the baby wails.

—Exchange.

Dire Need

Henry Henpeck—"I want—three potted geranium plants."

Florist—"Sorry we're out of geraniums, but we have some nice potted chrysanthemums."

Henry—"No, they won't do. You see I promised my wife I'd water her geraniums while she was away."

—Capper's Weekly.

Army Lingo

AMPHICEPHALOUS—Having a head at both ends.

BALDIE.—Army haircut.

BLAB OFF.—Talk out of turn.

BOUDOIR.—Squad tent.

GIGOLO.—Soldier who gets a phone call from a girl.

GOOF OFF.—To make a mistake at drill.

HOUSEWIFE.—Sewing kit.

IRON HORSE.—Tank.

JEEPY.—Screw.

MOTHER MCCREA.—Sob story.

PAY YOUR RENT.—Lay off the ladies.

PINEAPPLE.—Hand grenade.

SALIVATE.—Knock out.

SANTA CLAUS IN THE PITS.—Good target record.

SEE THE CHAPLAIN.—Shut up.

SLUM.—Food.

STONE CRUSHERS.—Infantry.

STOVEPIPE.—Trench mortar.

SWEAT.—To expect.

TAKE OFF.—Bawl out.

TOP KICK, TOP KNOCKER.—First sergeant.

—Kablegrams.

Slight Misunderstanding

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from London in an old noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city, one asked, "Is this Wembley?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have tea."

—Exchange.

Following Instructions

The Colonel bustled into the kitchen and "Attention!" screamed the mess sarge.

"What's the matter with that man sitting by the stove?" queried the Colonel plaintively. "Why didn't you stand up, my man?"

"Sir," replied the cook, still sitting. "I just begun this recipe which says don't stir for twenty minutes."

—Army Times.

